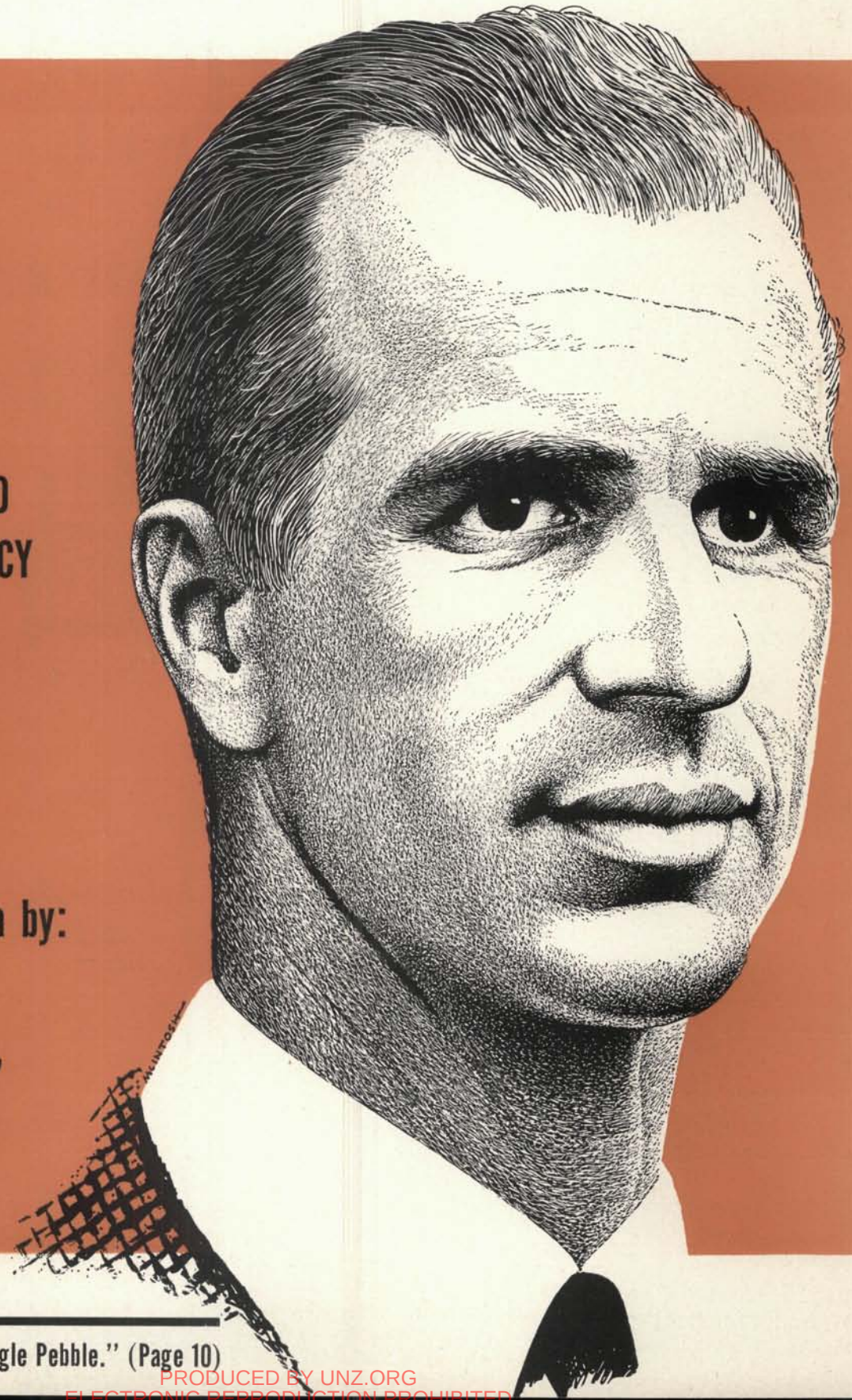
Saturday Review

JUNE 2, 1956 / 20¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE SCIENTIST AND
U. S. FOREIGN POLICY
A Special Section

HE BATTLE
OR THE BOOK
eading in America by:
ordon Dupee,
onald Mansbridge,
nd J. R. Cominsky



nn Hersey, author of "A Single Pebble." (Page 10)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do you take issue with a lump in the throat?

There are plenty of facts to prove that the expansion of the federal government into the electric power business is uneconomical, inefficient and downright dangerous. But facts often have tough going against the emotional arguments used by advocates of federal government power projects.

Speaking for the TVA, for instance, a U. S. Senator recently said this:

> I wonder if any one [of TVA's critics] has ever driven along a country road, when dusk is falling in this valley. I wonder if they have ever seen the lights come on as the darkness deepens. From barns and sheds, from kitchens and parlors the lovely pattern they make is a symbol of what TVA has meant to the people. I wonder if [these critics] have ever visited the majestic dams and steam plants built by TVA, and if their hearts were ever stirred as mine is every time I read the plaque which each one bears: "Built for the People of the United States."

How do you take issue with this kind of a lump in the throat?

You can point out that these plants were *not* built "for the People of the United States" but were built for members of a special favored class who are given first call on this electricity under federal law.

You can explain that federal government electric rates are not "cheap" but are low only because they are subsidized by extra taxes from citizens all over the country.

You can show that all the sections of the country that are served by the more than 400 independent electric light and power companies, enjoy the comforts and conveniences of electricity, too.

But these facts aren't enough unless we can arm ourselves against the emotional tactics of the advocates of government ownership. These federal power groups claim that government ownership promotes orderliness—but it really breeds inefficiency. They say it broadens ownership—but it actually concentrates political power. They insist it favors the underprivileged—but it creates a new privileged class.

The next time you hear someone argue for federal government electricity, watch for the "lump in the throat." Emotions may be throwing up a smoke screen that hides the facts. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**. *Names on request from this magazine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The true story of a one-man Point Four program in a tiny feudal monarchy only 14 miles from the Communists' back door

by JOHN CLARK

Hunza, high in the Karakoram range of Central Asia, is a wild isolated land, but it was here that John Clark decided to test his belief that teaching the Hunzas how to make the best use of their natural resources, would create a working model of independence for other Asian countries.

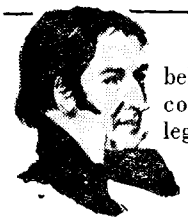
The story of Dr. Clark's campaign for democracy is more than a story of one man's imagination and courage. It is exciting proof that in these times of cold wars and power politics great changes in men's thinking can be brought about from modest starting points. *Illus.* Just published.

At your bookstore, $5.00

FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 East 24th Street, New York 10

10 Ten North Frederick BESTSELLING NOVEL by John O'Hara

$3.95. RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.



The *real man* behind America's most colorful backwoods legend

DAVID CROCKETT
THE MAN AND THE LEGEND
By JAMES ATKINS SHACKFORD
Edited by John B. Shackford $6.00
At your bookseller's or
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS, Chapel Hill

The Saturday Review
JUNE 2, 1956
Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photograph by E. M. M. Warburg

SR/IDEAS

5 The Battle for the Book, by Gordon Dupee, Ronald Mansbridge, and J. R. Cominsky
20 Science-Fiction Soviet-Style, by Alexander Marshack
22 H-Bomb for Everyone? An Editorial
41 The Scientist and U.S. Foreign Policy

SR/BOOKS

10 A Single Pebble, by John Hersey
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones
11 The Happy Exiles, by Felicity Shaw
Reviewed by Faubion Bowers
11 Mama I Love You, by William Saroyan
Reviewed by Ernestine Evans
12 A Thing of Beauty, by A. J. Cronin
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman
12 The Train Was on Time, by Heinrich Böll
Reviewed by Richard Plant
13 Small Sounds in the Night, by Eric Sevareid
Reviewed by Gilbert Seldes
13 The Golden Ham, by Jim Bishop
Reviewed by Allen Churchill
14 Theatre in the East, by Faubion Bowers
Reviewed by Donald Keene
15 Sea War, by Felix Riesenberg, Jr.
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt
16 Song of America, by George M. Mardikian
Reviewed by Oscar Lewis
17 The Ford Foundation, by Dwight Macdonald
Reviewed by Fred Rodell
18 Hunza, by John Clark
Reviewed by William O. Douglas
19 The White Kepi, by Walter Kanitz
Reviewed by Geoffrey Bocca

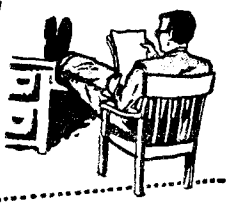
SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds
8 Literary Crypt
24 Letters to the Editor
25 *SR* Goes to the Movies
26 TV and Radio
27 Music to My Ears
29 Literary I.Q.
30 Booked for Travel
35 Criminal Record
51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1158

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher. Executive Vice President and Treasurer: Norman Cousins. Vice President: Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marian Uzmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 22, June 2, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

(Advertisement)

Editor at Large



As a publisher I have a problem which I would like to share with you as a reader. It is: How to get people, many people, to read Trevor Huddleston's book, "Naught for Your Comfort."

Father Huddleston is an Anglican priest who for the past twelve years has been in charge of his order's schools for African children in Johannesburg. A South African citizen, he tells of his experiences with his country's policy of racial discrimination.

In South Africa segregation exists in its worst form. Africans must carry passes; failure to do so is a criminal offense. They must live in ghetto-like "locations." By a recent edict their education must prepare them only for the most menial jobs.

This book shows in terms of individual Africans the terrible effect of these laws. It is a very readable book. It is also an angry book in which the author says, "I shall try to avoid the error of being impartial." Most American reviewers have found it exciting, moving, and inspiring.

The problem, of course, is that people are not always willing to be excited, moved or inspired. Yet those who have met Father Huddleston or seen him with Edward R. Murrow know how important the South African situation is to the world's future.

For the best letters telling how you got someone to read "Naught for Your Comfort" I will send you autographed copies of the book. The real prize, however, will be the satisfaction that comes to you from reading and sharing this book.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Naught for Your Comfort," by Trevor Huddleston ($3.75) is published by Doubleday & Company, also publishers of "Episode in the Transvaal," a novel by Harry Bloom ($3.95) which Father Huddleston was instrumental in having published in this country. Both books may be obtained through your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. Letters about "Naught for Your Comfort" should be sent to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE PHOENIX NEST

DESPITE THE FACT that the bookshop at Washington's airport is one of the busiest in the country, Mrs. Samuel Yudkin, wife of the proprietor, found time to compose this verse:

Book Buyer's Plea

No more books about safari
By girls who look like Mata Hari.
No more books about celebs
By daughters who grew up as debs.
No more mountains that are scaled
By heroes who have never failed.
Our appetite's no longer whetted
By exposés of sin—and where to get it.
(Trash becomes no more essential
Because it's labeled "Confidential.")
No more memoirs by some V.I.P.
That book clubs advertise "It's FREE!"
We don't think we can stand much more
On stage-struck maids—or the Civil War.
The next time Gunther goes insidey
We'd like the real McCoy on Bridey.
No more voyages around the world
By gents on rafts with sail unfurled.
No more lives of movie chicks
Already serialized in weekly slicks.
In short, cut down the lists by half
And give us books that will make us LAUGH!

Mrs. Samuel Yudkin, we love you!

FROM GENE BROOKS, SULKING, perchance, 'neath a sour-grape arbor in Hollywood, Calif.:

A Survey of the Italian Cinema

We seldom if ever
Have audience leavage,
When screens are kept filled
With Italianesque cleavage.

For Roman beauties
Have put a hex,
On Hollywood's kind
Of celluloid sex.

Sophia Loren,
Che bella ragazza!
Much talent and bosom,
Of the latta there's lotsa.

And how very unlikely
That if ever there's beena
Lady more lovely,
Than bellissima Gina!
Her smile is the mostest,
Her humor the jestest,
Who cares for her acting,
Quelles lollos; the bestest!

Valentina Cortesa,
More than Hollywood cuties,
Divests the worlds' menfolk
Of fatigue from dull duties.
And Anna Magnani,
Though her looks may be quaint,
Banks lotsa magni,
Which some younger gals ain't.

And Silvana Mangano,
With charms roundly ample,
Is assuredly female,
The real thing, not a sample.

Nestling close
To Alida Valli,
Might be naughty, but nice;
Most certainly jolly!
And Isa Miranda,
Dans chaise-longue au veranda,
Is more decorative surely,
Than pet poodle or panda.

Even Katie Hepburn
Gets hotsy-totsy,
Sharing summer in Venice
With Rossano Brazzi.

And for the ladies
Of uncertain years,
There's Vittorio De Sica
To warm up the dears;
Vittorio's manner
And mien warmly virile,
Make most younger men
Appear languid and puerile.

So pile high the lira!
Embarras de richesses;
Pray continue your export
Of physique-all excesses.

HERE ARE TWO OF THE SHORT poems in Garth Bentley's "Pinfeathers from Pegasus" (Christopher, $2.50):

Jennie Missed Me

(Apologies to Leigh Hunt)

Jennie tossed her rolling pin,
Grabbing it from off the table;
With a sweeping side-arm spin,
Sent it whizzing toward my gable.
Say I'm getting stiff and old—
Say arthritic twinges twist me—
Yet add this when all is told;
Jenny missed me!

Serenade

Open your window, my love.
Look down from your chamber there,
So the moon that glimmers above
Can toy with your tumbled hair.
Here in your garden, dear,
Your lover has come to woo—
Hark to your cavalier
As he pours out his heart to you!

Open your window, my sweet!
Give heed to my heart-wrung plea.
By the rose-covered rustic seat
At the foot of the tulip tree,
I wait with my slide trombone,
Which I happily thought to bring—
So open your window, my own
Or I'll play the doggone thing!

FROM RUTH LAURENCE, of Santa Barbara:

The In-betweener

Too old to play with paper dolls,
Too young to be a "teener,"
Turns up her nose at bobby sox—
She's just an In-betweener.

Her boredom's absolute, complete;
Her unupholstered chassis
Hints nothing to be whistled at . . .
Her movie star is Lassie!

As parents of this moody miss,
We'll give you three good guesses—
Just who will be most thankful when
Young misfit *adolesces?*

FROM DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON, of Kansas City:

Law and the New Order

What if the right to sue were older?
Stern justice might have tapped the shoulder
Of Geoffrey Chaucer, for the wrath
Awakened in the Wife of Bath;
And contemplating libel laws
Might well have given Shakespeare pause
Before portraying, dull and tawdry,
The damsel down the way as Audrey;
While Dante, who disclosed so well
His private hates in peopling Hell—
What if he'd shrugged, laid down the quill,
And left us with no epic still?
As dignity of man advances,
Mere literature must take its chances.

FROM WILLIAM E. BLUMBERG, of Berkeley, Calif.:

Dear Mr. Cerf:
Recently I was involved in a lively discussion concerning the pronunciation of "demesne." On consulting several dictionaries, one finds that he may take his choice, according to his lexicographical taste, between dē-mēn′ and dē-mān′. This prompted the following doggerel, which makes use of the two pronunciations, respectively:

There was a certain demesne
Where living was merely routesne
Till along came a maiden
With charms heavy laden,
And what happened wasn't foresesne.

There was a certain demesne
Where the people would never abstesne;
They lived upon gin
And original sin
And followed it up with champesne.

And oh, Mr. Blumberg, and all you other lovely contributors, come agesne, come agesne! For spring has come back with rustling shade and apple blossoms fill the air—and I fesgne would have others do my work for me! —BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
JUNE 2, 1956

THE BATTLE FOR THE BOOK

About three years ago, it seems, everyone at once became suddenly aware that: 1. many high-school graduates are incapable of reading an ordinary novel; 2. the American bookstore is going the way of the American bison; 3. publishers are becoming less and less energetic about digging up new, exciting ideas. Who is to blame for the plight of contemporary reading—new educational theories, overcrowded schools, TV, the book-publishers, the bookseller, Mom and Dad? To throw some light on the center of the crisis SR *presents here three reports on the tribulations of the book today: in the home, in the store, and at the publishing house.*

1. CAN JOHNNY'S PARENTS READ?
By GORDON DUPEE

2. BOOKS ARE HARD WORK
By RONALD MANSBRIDGE

3. LET'S STOP SALVAGING
By J. R. COMINSKY

Can Johnny's Parents Read?

By GORDON DUPEE, *president, Great Books Foundation.*

SO Johnny can't read. For that matter, he can't spell or write very well either. The first of fourteen points to be made at the White House Conference on Education concerned Johnny's plight—"The fundamental skills of communication—reading, writing, spelling. . . ." Just why he can't has become the battleground between the see-and-say and the grunt-and-groan schools, between those who blame the departure from the traditional system of phonetics, those who advocate the newer sight-reading methods. The claims and counterclaims are, as is always the case in education, extreme.

I would like to suggest that this battle is a sham, and the victory is not to be won on the present terrain at all. Plato observed many centuries ago that what is honored in a country will be cultivated there. We might apply this truism to the modern scene and realize that by this same token, and with the same compelling good reasons, Johnny is likely to do what is honored in his own home and what is honored in the society of which he is becoming aware. And ours is a society which does not honor reading. We turn our own depreciation of reading to indignation and blame the school. We think of youngsters as "of school age," as though they were not "of home age" or "movie age" or "television age." We think of school as the only place of schooling. All this has a certain convenience, of course, for it absolves us from doing battle against a wider field, against the aspects of society which shape and motivate our children—including ourselves. Bluntly put, if Johnny's parents don't read why should he submit to the rigors of acquiring that discipline? Johnny has an idea that television programs don't end when he is put to bed. And Johnny knows his parents don't turn off the set when he goes to bed, either. He may even have a strong suspicion his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents aren't spending their time reading after he's retired. Johnny may be illiterate, but he isn't stupid.

Suppose we turn the spotlight off Johnny for a change, and on ourselves. Is the glare blinding? Are we like the people from Plato's allegorical cave, eyes accustomed to shadows of shadows, suddenly forced into the full sunlight? Or are our eyes just unaccustomed to the glare because we, Johnny's parents, have not been using them? Facts fascinate us. Suppose we take a look at a few about ourselves. For example, if we went to college more than a quarter of us have not read a single book in the last year. If our formal training ended with high school almost three-fifths of us have not cracked the binding of a book in the last year. America's largest reading and discussion venture, the Great Books program, has now attained the astounding proportions of involving 25,000 adults fortnightly. Mickey Spillane has sold over 25,000,000 copies.

Of course, people do read—even adults. The question is one of purpose. Some reading is unavoidable: road-signs, interoffice memoranda, the standard written appurtenances of the business world, recipes, and advertising. Then there is the reading familiarly known as "escape" literature. This is when Mickey Spillane comes into his own, and in fact it is on this level of reading that the bulk of the American book market rests. Unfortunately, Johnny is not yet of the age to have to suffer the unavoidable reading, and when it comes to "escape" he finds movies and TV more fun. There is a third level of reading, neither out of necessity nor to escape, but rather reading as nourishment of the human mind. For a country tremendously conscious of diet and health, we seem almost oblivious to mental nutrition: almost perverse in feeding our minds with materials which, analogically, would turn our stomachs.

We pride ourselves, erroneously, as practising universal education, and as being the most literate people on the face of the earth. But schooling is not education, and even our schooling is something less than universal.

THE American Institute of Public Opinion, conducting an international survey of spelling abilities between adults in the United States and Canada, found that while 72 per cent of the adults in the United States could spell *magazine* (significant), 77 per cent misspelled *penitentiary*. The average Canadian easily outspells us, 66 to 49. It is not accidental that the two magazines with the largest circulation (excluding such recent classics as *Confidential, et al.*) are magazines. to look at because of their many pictures, or to read on the run because they are condensations or digests of stuff you don't have time to read anyway, even if you wanted to.

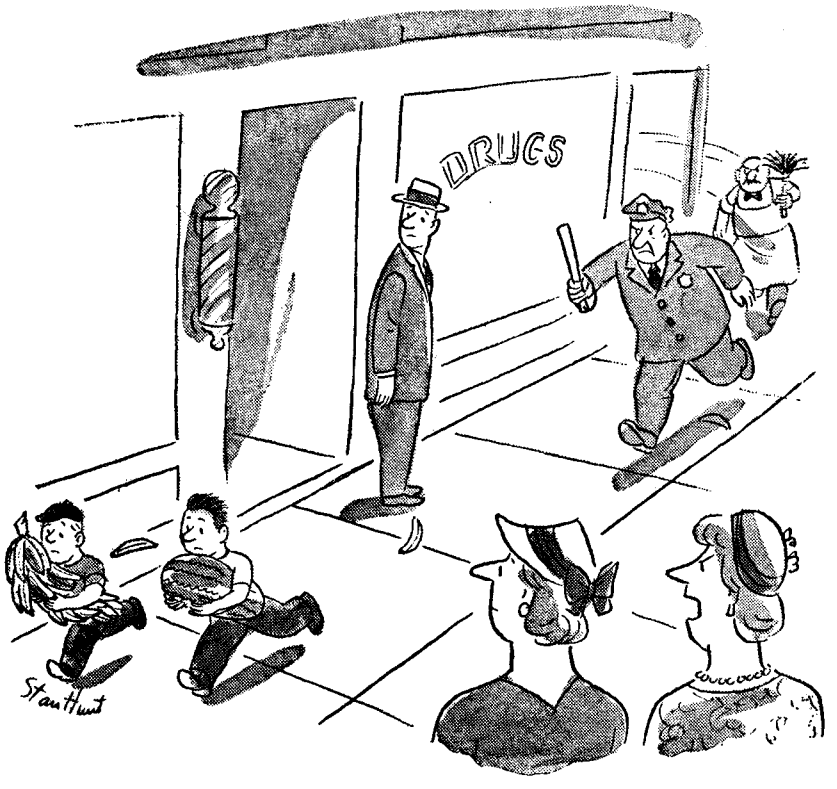
Today, at any time, only 17 per cent of the adults in the United States may be found reading a book—any book, Spinoza or Spillane. In England, where schooling is far from universal, 55 per cent of the population at any given time may be found reading a book. For the eternal optimist who readily admits the situation may be bad today but was once worse it should be reported that the American Institute of Public Opinion found in 1937 that 29 per cent of all adults were reading a book at the time they were interviewed. I repeat, the figure today is 17 per cent.

It may well be that the Toynbee of the twenty-fifth century will record in the ebb and flow of the human race that it took man more than 200,000 years to move from the cave to the printing press—and then there was a moment when reading written words became almost fashionable—only to die out quickly before the onslaught of pictures, inertia, speed, and the sense of impending disaster.

If Johnny can read the street-signs he makes his way home after school and opens the door. His home does not have the book nooks and crannies his parents' home had. Twenty years ago 15 per cent of the houses had built-in shelves. A fairly recent survey indicates only 12 per cent of the houses erected in the last ten years have them. Forty-two per cent of the houses in America today are without bookcases or bookshelves of any kind. Of course, it doesn't follow that books in bookshelves are read. A survey by one of America's leading encyclopedias revealed that 84 per cent of the families purchasing their encyclopedia had not opened it within one year after purchase. It was bought as cultural furniture. And speaking of furniture, the unfinished market in bookcases has been re-designed to curve around corners, with odd shelf heights specially adapted to accommodate gim-cracks, gee-gaws, and other *objets d'art*.

We spend more public funds on two airplane carriers than in the combined annual budgets of the 7,500 public libraries in the United States. One less hydrogen bomb in our stockpile, perhaps a guided missile or two less, a small cutback on the brass, and we in the United States could double or triple annual library funds. This, rest assured, we will never do unless we somehow become convinced in advance, as the last bomb falls on the last library on the face of the earth, that perhaps a stronger belief in the spirit of the human race, as found in the written word, is a sounder investment in the security of mankind.

Only thirteen out of every 100



"Well, at least they aren't reading comic books!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

citizens borrow books from the public library. In the judgment of the director of one of the largest circulating libraries in the world, only 5 per cent of the books borrowed by this minuscule 13 per cent of the populace are good reading, 88 per cent are low-level material, and 7 per cent intermediate. If the United States had the same proportion of libraries per capita as Sweden there would be in this country not 7,500 public libraries, but 77,000.

The trade has been quick to point to tremendous sales in the past few years of paperbound books—without adding that 78 per cent of all the copies purchased were purchased by 9 per cent of the buyers—and it is fair to surmise that the "Odyssey" was not outrunning the low-neckline items at the corner drugstore's revolving display.

A Sunday supplement last summer carried a feature article announcing that 39,000,000 Americans were currently involved in some form of adult education. It failed to tell you that these fabulous figures include, as adult education, the community in which forty mothers were turned away from an overenrolled cake-decorating course offered in the local high school in the evenings; or that that same community did not offer a single serious reading and discussion program. Courses in golf, bridge, ceramics, furniture repair, and dancing are oversubscribed throughout the land. I had occasion a year ago at the annual convention of the Adult Education Association to drop in on the section devoted to "Financial Support for Adult Liberal Education." A lady from the department of education of a Southern state, where it had been my impression all dogs were plain good old hound-dogs, was telling how her state subsidized a local dog-walking course. In brief, so-called adult education has little to do with the art of communication, which you remember was the first of the fourteen points to emerge from the White House Conference on Education. Why *should* we expect Johnny to read, or to believe that it is important to learn how—we prefer not.

These facts merely mark the larger trend—the drift becoming a flight from literacy abroad in our society. Have we thought of comparing the number of automobiles purchased last year, and the dollars spent, to the number of books purchased and read? Are we fair in being concerned about Johnny's showing more aptitude for hot rods than for books? Last week I went to a barber shop in a large hotel—twenty-six chairs in a double

(*Continued on page* 34)

BOOKS ARE HARD WORK

By RONALD MANSBRIDGE, *New York manager, Cambridge University Press.*

DO WE WANT to try to preserve that almost vanishing institution, the American bookstore? Is it worth our while to see if it is possible for booksellers to stay in business? Like the buffalo and the whooping crane, the bookseller has already been allowed to go a long way on the road to extinction. There is now only one of him for every 100,000 Americans. In Denmark there is a bookseller for every 7,000 Danes.

Should we attempt to preserve the species? The question is not asked facetiously, but in all seriousness. A great many people seem perfectly happy to get their general reading from a book club, and books on special subjects direct from the publishers. It is my belief, however, that authors, publishers, and the entire reading public are already being measurably hurt by the present weak condition of the retail book trade, and that we shall all suffer gravely if it is allowed to disappear.

If we agree that the elimination of the bookseller would be a cultural loss to the community it is worth asking what has led to the present unhappy state of the book trade and what, if anything, can be done about it. I believe there is no one single cause, but that responsibility must be shared by the publishers, the booksellers themselves, and the reading public.

Let us take the publishers first. It is frequently said that poor editorial judgment results in the publication of too many second- and third-rate books. This is undoubtedly true. But even so we are publishing fewer new titles per year than are published in the United Kingdom, and I doubt whether the mere elimination of some of the poorer books would do much to help the poorer booksellers. Rather I would suggest that measures be taken to correct some of the short-sighted and unbusinesslike practices by which publishers have made things harder for booksellers. Let us take just four examples.

1. REMAINDERING AND PARTIAL REMAINDERING: Remaindering is the process by which a publisher, after a book has stopped selling, sells off the "remainder" of the copies he has left, at a very low price, to bookstores, drugstores, and "outlets," to be sold to the public at a fraction of the original price. This is bad enough, but it can be defended if the remaindering takes place some years after the book has been published. The public is willing to accept as reasonable the idea that you pay more to see a movie in a "first-run" house than you do if you wait until it comes to the smaller theatres. Ball-point pens, women's clothes, and lots of other things make their first appearance at high prices and then get much cheaper as time goes on. An honest remainder, then, or a cheap reprint at least has some logic behind it and does, in fact, extend the market for a book into a new section of the population. But what makes the bookseller indignant is the growing practice (fortunately, still confined to a minority of publishers) of "partial remaindering." Here the publisher sells off a quantity of his book to a remainder house while still keeping it in print and continuing to offer it to booksellers at the full original price. The worst part of this transaction is not that the bookseller may find it difficult to sell the three or four copies of a five-dollar book which he has in hand when it is being offered across the street at $1.98. It is that the bookseller's customers, finding that he is asking $5 for a book which is available elsewhere at $1.98, immediately assume that the same thing may be true of every other book in his shop. It is hard, indeed, to keep customers this way.

2. BOOK CLUBS: There are some who condemn the entire principle of book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clubs, but I am not among them. The Book-of-the-Month Club has certainly sold millions of books to people who would never have bought them from bookstores. Some of the specialist clubs, such as the Religious Book Club, seem to me to have served a useful purpose and to have increased book sales without taking the sales away from the bookstores. What I do think is objectionable is the practice of book clubs of soliciting trade on the basis of a price comparison—"At bookstores $5; to our members $2.95"—with the result that the whole operation becomes a kind of partial remaindering, and dozens of recent and current books in history, science, fiction, and non-fiction are widely advertised at cut prices while still offered in the bookstores at the full price.

Worst of all, perhaps, is the practice of offering, in full-page advertisements, expensive books or sets of books FREE as a premium for joining a club when those books or sets are being sold (or perhaps I should say remain unsold) for $15, for $25, or for $35 at bookstores.

3. INADEQUATE DISCOUNTS: This is a subject which it is not generally considered appropriate to discuss before an audience of the general public. But I think there is no harm in readers of *The Saturday Review* knowing that the discounts received by booksellers are lower than the discounts allowed on most other commodities. The expenses of running any kind of bookstore are generally higher than 30 per cent so that booksellers have less than 10 per cent margin on books bought in quantity at a 40 per cent discount, and cannot hope to make a living out of books on which they receive only 20 per cent or 25 per cent. In recent years publishers have increasingly tended to publish books at such "short" discounts and to supply even general trade books at short discounts when they are ordered in small numbers.

4. PUBLISHERS SELLING DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC: Again and again it has been pointed out that American book publishers are about the only people in the world who produce an article which they sell to retailers and then proceed to undermine their retailers by offering it directly to the public. Imagine such a thing happening with shirts, or shoes or shaving cream. To make matters worse, the publisher undercuts his own retail outlet by offering his books at a discount to the very people who should be the logical bookstore market—schoolteachers, college professors, and libraries. The town library should be an important bookstore customer, but instead of this all too often the library deals directly with 100 or more publishers, some of whom allow the librarian a bigger discount than they allow to the bookseller. As taxpayers we might welcome any saving which the librarian can achieve. Unfortunately, the librarians' savings in buying directly from the publisher are more than eaten up in all the additional record keeping and paperwork involved in ordering from 100 or more different publishers, in auditing and paying hundreds of different bills.

I HAVE put down what seem to me four ways in which publishers are driving booksellers out of business. This doesn't mean that the booksellers themselves are free from responsibility. Too many booksellers sit back and wait for business to come to them, without using their ingenuity and imagination to go out and get it for themselves. Too many booksellers, it seems to me, concentrate too much on the national best-seller lists and not enough on making their own best sellers. The best booksellers—Adolph Kroch, the late Nick Wreden, Marion Dodd, for example—have known this and have known that their own recommendation of a book has not only sold that book, but has won a customer's allegiance and loyalty which would last for years. If a bookseller does little more than offer the latest best-sellers he is playing into the hands of the competing department store or book club or cut-rate mail-order house. If he wants a clientele that will come back, and back, and back, he must work at it. He must keep card catalogues of his customers' special interests. These may record that Mrs. Black likes intellectual puzzle-type mysteries; that Mr. White will buy any book published on daffodils; that Judge Brown likes popular books on law; and that young Dr. Green must have anything new on heart disease. These books of special interest may come infrequently, but when they do Black, White, Brown, and Green feel that a service has been done to them in selling them the book they want, and they aren't likely to go for their best sellers.

In retail bookselling there is no substitute for the human brain. Automation will lighten our labours in 101 ways, but not in selling books. That is why the best bookstores are not always the biggest ones.

Booksellers often complain of the mail-order methods publishers use to bypass them, but too feew booksellers make good use of mail-order procedures themselves. Many booksellers seem to think that the way to sell books by mail is to take six or eight publishers' circulars and stuff them into an envelope with the monthly statement. Anyone with mail-order experience knows that it is better to send out a mailing on one book at a time, but it is difficult to persuade booksellers of this.

Most booksellers are, by nature more interested in the literary than the scientific. Many of them would find it profitable to investigate the growing market for scientific and technical books. One reason why engineers and scientists go directly to the publishers for their books is that so few booksellers seem to be interested in handling them. Yet they can be profitable; they are expensive, but they are bought of necessity and not of choice.

Having pitched into the publishers and booksellers, let us now look at the third member of the trio—the general public. Somehow or other too many people have never got into the habit of going into a bookstore. People frequently buttonhole me and say, "How can I get hold of such-and-such a book?" A friend of mine, who earns a comfortable living at an establishment in Wall Street, has more than once telephoned to ask this difficult question; he seemed a bit put out the last time, when I told him that the best place for him to go was a perfectly good bookstore on the ground

(*Continued on page* 33)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 675

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 675 will be found in the next issue

MSR HVVT VQ QROJUR

UVFPI PB HUVMMRG JUU

VXRN YPMS MRJNB. . . .

—Y. O. MSJITRNJL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 674

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages.

—HORACE GREELEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET'S STOP SALVAGING

By J. R. COMINSKY, *publisher, The Saturday Review.*

"NOBODY can explain a success; anybody can explain a failure." This gem of wisdom, credited to Gilbert Miller, the theatrical producer, perhaps sums up most succinctly why enough writing to fill an average-sized home library has dealt unsuccessfully with the still unanswered question: "What's wrong with books?" And in this case the question has been extended to include the booksellers.

Publishers occasionally rush in where editors—if not angels—have tread too often. It has now become something of an act of arrogance to tell anybody in or outside of the book business just what's wrong with the ailing patient and what ought to be done about it. Since books, in an economic sense, have failed to keep pace with the advances in every other area, and since we have the book business struggling, more than ever like Sisyphus, despite the astronomic growth in the number of so-called educated people and in the new-found leisure which now makes something more than a five day, thirty-five hour week with a three-week vacation look like human bondage, it would not seem libelous or even unfair to say at least that books have not begun to realize their potential for good in a world that seems to be made to order for them. Their "failure" is not in the usual sense but resides in the fact that a great opportunity has been missed. And those of us who love books never stop talking or writing about this disturbing phenomenon of our civilization. These pages every week are ample proof of our affection.

In dealing with the business side of books we are dealing with economic frustration. We are dealing with an industry which has been trying to salvage rather than to sell, and which has been trying to survive rather than to reach new heights. With such a psychological orientation the lag of the book becomes more understandable. And the lag is a natural result of a lack of concept as to what a book is, and in what sort of soil and climate it will flourish. It would be so easy to flog the book clubs, the direct-mail selling by book publishers, the inadequate discounts, the remaindering and partial remaindering, and the special discounts for special groups, *ad infinitum*, but the elimination of all of these so-called abuses—which are the results growing out of the vacuum in bookselling and not the causes—would not change the picture materially. Because it is to the book itself that we must address ourselves and to the external developments that grow basically out of our lack of understanding as to what a book really is and how it must be treated to achieve its rightful place of glory in the sun.

Publishers of fine trade books—and it should be understood that they are no different from producers of plays, operas, and ballets—are wonderful people who, like the insect that dies immediately after giving birth, exhaust themselves in producing something of great value and importance to our society. They have not yet quite realized that a whole new series of processes must take place once a book is finished that require as much skill and attention as its writing, editing, and manufacture. To abandon the book as it leaves the press is as much a betrayal of the author—and I also worry about him occasionally—as it is of the bookseller. To get this changed requires a mental transformation of the book publisher that is not yet clearly visible. There are no easy short-cuts, no sure-fire formulae, no easy grooves through which he can channel his product. He is confronted by a challenge to the creative imagination as great as was presented by the book itself.

For the publisher to get more deeply involved in the book as it is born he must ponder more deeply what it is he has produced. In essence, he must understand that he has fashioned an instrument of better living—something that ennobles life. He has fashioned something that is attractive to all with minds and interests and curiosities and ambitions. He has not fashioned something for some small, special, precious group that is isolated and insulated from all that is human and exciting, but rather something for all who are uplifted by the music of words and the stimulation of ideas. He has not yet realized how great is the yearning for what he has to offer. He has not yet fully recognized the fact that the book is one of the accessories of living of normal people to whom the world of the mind is as important as the physical world in which they live.

BUT let us for the moment assume that this image has fired his mind and spirit, and he wishes to give a public presentation of the book in keeping with the enthusiasm that caused him to make so substantial a financial investment. What happens next? He must use resources so limited—based on advance sales to booksellers and estimates of the possible total sales figured on entirely different books pub-

(*Continued on page* 32)

"He called about 10:30—said he'd been up till four reading that 'Bridey Murphy' thing. Now he wants us to change his will leaving everything to himself!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"A SINGLE PEBBLE"

Author: John Hersey

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, *professor of English, Harvard University, author of "The Theory of American Literature" and other books.*

JOHN HERSEY'S latest novel, coming three years after "The Marmot Drive," reveals his recovery from that failure and a return to the high level of prose one associates with his name. "A Single Pebble" (Alfred A. Knopf, $3) belongs to a type of fiction for which we have no good English name —*novella* carries with it a connotation of naif technique, and "short novel" fails accurately to define the pleasures and problems of the genre. In a novel of this sort the fable *per se* need not be more than so much plot as will furnish out a short story or a tale—for example, "The Old Man and the Sea." But treatment is everything; and the successful work of this kind displays a richness of texture, a depth in time, space, and experience not customary in short stories. I am almost tempted to call a book of this kind a novel in foreshortening, except that this phrase is more awkward than the term "short novel." The point is that a short novel is not merely a novel that is short, but a novel whose dimensions are reduced without being in any way truncated.

An American engineer embarks upon a junk ascending the Yangtze River in China, and in the slow, perilous voyage up that mighty and treacherous torrent intuits the slow-moving, enigmatic, timeless life of China. The book centers on Old Pebble, the "head tracker" or boss of the toilers who pull the boat upstream and through the perilous gorges of the upper river. There is a faint shadow of a love situation: the young wife of the boat-owner is in love with Old Pebble, but his death, virtually a sacrifice to the river-gods, is, on the surface of things, quickly forgotten by everybody including the young wife. The alternate attractions and repulsions between the Chinese and the American engineer are the formal theme.

But the theme is merely the occasion of the novel, not the substance of Mr. Hersey's art. He wonderfully succeeds in purveying the slow, dreamlike journey up this ancient river. We move with the junk as if under enchantment and are as helpless as the teller of the story to alter the drift of event or comprehend the Chinese enigma.

Perhaps the non-nautical reader may find the technical terms annoying, and I wish Mr. Hersey had not underscored the obvious in this crucial paragraph near the climax:

> Old Pebble was dead. He had been a nobody, a ragged, faceless tracker among thousands of ragged, faceless trackers on the Great River. His death had changed nothing; there would be no obituaries. Even his closest friend, the cook, had scarcely seemed to notice his death. His body was in the river, but that did not change the river. Could the river be changed? Was SuLing right—could *nothing* change the Great River?

The unfortunate echo of soap opera in this graceless paragraph, together with the underscoring of the self-evident, is unworthy of a mature artist. But the passage is not characteristic of a book that compels belief by reason of its style. If life on the Yangtze River is not, or was not, like that pictured in "A Single Pebble" one feels that it should have been, for Mr. Hersey in the main compels us by the power of his imagination to suspend disbelief and accept his vision. Since I have quoted Mr. Hersey in his moment of weakness, it is therefore but fair to quote him in his strength:

> The sky was of a rich blue, softly streaked with veins of mist, so that it seemed alive, as if it were one enormous perfect overarching petal of the universe. The mountains on either side of the river threw up red and dun and black and green masses against the blue, shapes of infinite variety, mystery, and majesty. Into the still air smoke arose in straight pale-blue shafts from tiny villages set high on the ramparts of the gorge. Here and there a plum tree or a cherry tree stood dressed in full blossom, a breathtaking immobilized explosion of color against a dark hillside.

—*E. M. M. Warburg.*

THE AUTHOR: John Hersey, who at thirty-one was awarded a Pulitzer Prize and at thirty-nine became the youngest man ever elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, is a writer who has won praise easily and received it uneasily. Like the Chinese, in whose country he was born and whose language he spoke before he learned English, Hersey respects work and is leary of success. He has listed the qualities most needed by writers as "a dedication to the craft of writing, and bedrock character," and he once qualified his acceptance of an award by saying that for a novel this year's honors were less important than next year's readers. His 1950 novel, "The Wall," was completely rewritten after it was four-fifths completed, and four years after his "Hiroshima" *The Saturday Review* reported that the questions about America most frequently asked in that city concerned John Hersey; his integrity and understanding moved Dr. Fujii, a central character of the book, to say of him, "You know, when he was here speaking to me and when I looked at him I said to myself, 'This young man is the type of American the great President Lincoln must have been'." Hersey came to America at the age of ten, attended Hotchkiss School, Yale, and Cambridge University, where he studied eighteenth-century English literature, then spent a summer as Sinclair Lewis's private secretary. His first three books, "Men on Bataan," "Into the Valley" (his observations while on a Guadalcanal mission trapped by the Japanese), and "A Bell for Adano" (his first, and Pulitzer Prize, novel), were written while a war correspondent for *Time* and *Life*, the last two being classed Imperatives by the War Book Panel. For his work in removing wounded from Guadalcanal he received a letter of commendation from Navy Secretary Knox. Since the war Hersey has been a writer for *The New Yorker* and other magazines and an editor of *'47* and *'48*, and he now lives in Southport, Conn., with his wife and four children. His last novel, "The Marmot Drive," which was not well received, was called his first departure from the techniques of journalism, but Hersey claims that he has maintained a division of his powers all along, his fiction concentrating on human values. "Journalism allows its readers to witness history," he once said. "Fiction gives its readers an opportunity to live it."

—RICHARD LEMON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweet Venom

"The Happy Exiles," by Felicity Shaw *(Harper. 280 pp. $3), reports on life as it is lived in a British colony. Faubion Bowers, our reviewer, has lived, on and off, for a number of years in and out of British colonies.*

By Faubion Bowers

ANYONE who has a taste for Ivy Compton Burnett, Nancy Mitford, Angela Thirkell, or Margery Sharp will find Felicity Shaw a very welcome extension of those ranks. Her first novel, "The Happy Exiles," is not derivative or imitative, but astonishingly original, with its own peculiar grace and wit. Above all, it is wicked in an apparently artless way.

The story of "The Happy Exiles" is not exactly about "happy exiles." The characters for the most part are British colonial servants who have been stationed abroad for a long time or friends or passersby who visit what is simply referred to as "The Colony" and is never further identified. (I suspect it is somewhere in Africa.) They may think themselves "happy," but by the time Miss Shaw finishes them off with deadpan cruelty the reader can find any number of reasons why they should be miserable with the vacuity of their lives. And they are not "exiles," because they can always be posted elsewhere, and they remain steadfastly British with frequent return visits "home" to keep them in step. At the core of the book is the love affair of the bachelor Chief Secretary and a soon-to-be-divorced woman who simply lives in The Colony with her children for reasons of health, escape, or *méchanceté* at stirring up an otherwise staid and calm officialdom. Around this nucleus enter and exit a young English girl visiting friends of her mother and who finds herself an American husband; colorless, respectable officials, some well-born, others not; a doddering Governor-General; a nagging wife; another wife not quite *comme il faut*, pretty and blonde; two ex-vaudevillians who now run a club; a homosexual visiting lecturer; an impoverished "pardry" or chaplain; and children. Almost everybody has children and they have to be taken care of, picked up from parties, taken on picnics, dressed, fed, and put to bed, and the gentle but pervasive place they occupy in the life of the not-so-happy, not-really-exiles is brilliantly and subtly described.

Felicity Shaw—"astonishingly original."

The major scenes of the novel are hilarious—an agonizing almost drunken luncheon (the Chief Secretary, the host, is late; so the servants keep passing around the martinis) in which a terrible gaffe is made; the meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Guild, where native ladies and ladies of the Colony get together in a hope of setting some sort of democratic, wholesome, ruled-and-ruler basis (the manners of the native ladies are incomprehensible; the British wives only want to gossip, so they speak very rapidly and obscurely in order that they won't be understood); and of course, there are more.

UNDERNEATH the crackling, brittle surface of Miss Shaw's story lies the essential nastiness and dreariness of people which she takes, I gather, as the bitter truth of humanity. She shows her characters eking out a meager interest in life through little secret affairs, in wondering whether some new man coming to the Colony will be attractive, where saying that someone is not keen on gardening becomes a "harsh judgment" and a "bad impression" to create, where an uneventful day requires a "verbatim report" to a friend, where people who use the words "serviette" or "frock" cause "shudders" among the others, and all in all no one seems "averse to hearing bad of anyone, even a total stranger."

Because Miss Shaw is essentially an observant and honest writer her light tone is often a cover for some very penetrating comments on human relations. I, for one, can't wait to read the next novel that must be waiting to come out of her sweetly venomous typewriter, and to see what new group will be innocently portrayed, wickedly exposed, and amusingly analyzed.

Plenty of Impulse

"Mama I Love You," by William Saroyan *(Little, Brown. 245 pp. $3.75), is all about Mama Girl and Papa, who are divorced; their daughter who wants to be a pitcher for the Yankees; and the production of a Broadway play—all very Saroyanesque.*

By Ernestine Evans

BY THIS time at least two million readers have had a shot at the serialized version of "Mama I Love You," William Saroyan's seventh novel. For some weeks portions of it appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and its readers found it *echt* Saroyan performance.

True to Saroyan, the book's plot hops from scene to scene and from mood to mood (and seldom falls between two moods). Every situation is flipped backwards and forwards like flapjacks, and the telephone rings, out and in, constantly. Plots should be quarried, not given away, by reviewers, but there is no harm in telling that the plot of "Mama I Love You" thickens fast and that the action is laced with Mr. Saroyan's homilies on how grown up children are (and how childish grown-ups are).

If Mr. Saroyan had chosen a play form for his story this would have been his thirteenth play; and it is almost in the manner of a play that "Mama I Love You" begins. Act One, Scene One is laid on Macaroni Lane (Malibu Beach to you). Enters thirty-three-year-old Mama Girl "out of the bath with just the stuff on to hide a big girl a little," asking "What time is it now?"

"'Eight,' I said.

"'Ten minutes to?'

"'No, just eight.'

"'Which clock?'

"'All clocks. It's eight and you're late, but have you ever been on time?'

"'I wasn't late when I had you.'

"'I wasn't the one who wasn't late. You were just there'."

Though things begin a little archly the plot gathers momentum as it goes along. By which I mean one really does become curious as to whether Mama Girl and Papa, who have been divorced, will get together again. Then the novel trips and skips along in expert writing. There is much reportage about the apparatus of show business; there is a closeup of one of Mama Girl's best friends, a poor little rich girl who progresses from hysteria and sedatives to a contented pregnancy and a generous angeling of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play; and there are any number of quotable flashes on families and divorces and the human predicament in general, many of them put into the mouth of Little Frog, who is Mama Girl's nine-year-old daughter. Father's name for Little Frog is Twink, whose ambition is to be a Yankee pitcher.

But, by whatever name, Twink dances wondrously well. For long stretches she is delighted to hop like a frog, and so when the servant didn't show up at the point when Mama Girl has dressed for a local party Mama Girl packed fast in a flounce and she and Twink took off by TWA to make a stage career. It must be said for Mr. Saroyan that in his works Impulse pulls the strings. The reader doesn't have to brood on Fate or wince over dark compulsions.

Next day Mama Girl and Twink are in New York and a three-dollar (believe it or not) room at the Hotel Pierre. Every situation flips backwards and forwards like flapjacks again, and the telephone rings out and in. A producer turns up. So does a new playwright and the best of theatrical coaches. It's amazing how much technical detail of play production there is in "Mama I Love You."

It is also amazing how tenderly and how sentimentally the story of Twink's getting her first part (and of Mama Girl's getting a star part) rolls on, all combined with the homilies on how grown up children are and how childish grown-ups are. The book has a happy ending with Twink back to dreaming of being the first gal pitcher for the Yankees.

A Painter's Peregrinations

***"A Thing of Beauty," by A. J. Cronin** (Little, Brown. 440 pp. $4), is the story of Stephen Desmonde, who forsook the life of a professional Christian for a life as a painter.*

By Ben Ray Redman

DR. A. J. CRONIN, author of "Hatter's Castle," "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom," and many other novels, is a practised writer of best-sellers, a favorite with followers of slick magazine serials, and a source of what Hollywood insists on calling "properties." Dealing with serious themes, with avowedly serious intentions, he has been taken seriously by numerous readers who like their fiction to have at least an appearance of substantiality. His new novel should please the Cronin clientele.

"A Thing of Beauty" is the story of Stephen Desmonde—son of the Rector of Stillwater, Sussex—who lived and died for art. When he came down from Oxford, in 1912 or 1913, it was expected that he would take orders and succeed his father in a living that had been held by his family for generations. Instead, after a brief bout of settlement-house work that did not improve his opinion of professional Christians, he went to Paris to paint. Generously enough, his father gave him a year, with a regular allowance, in which to discover the folly of his ambition; while his almost-fiancee, Claire, the heiress of Broughton Court, awaited with aristocratic composure his return to love and duty. But when the year was up Stephen came home only to say that he was committed, body and soul, to the art of painting. His father's heart, of course, came close to breaking; and Claire found herself pushed towards a loveless marriage. It might all have been easier to bear had there been any proof that Stephen had talent, but when expert opinion was consulted, in the shape of an eminent member of the Royal Academy, the unqualified verdict was that Stephen's paintings were outrageous daubs. So little do academicians know! Any average reader of a Cronin novel could, at this point of the story, have rendered a directly contrary judgment—and been right.

Stephen's career carries him through a series of more or less arduous adventures in France, Spain, and England. His virtue is assaulted by an amorous Frenchwoman of uncertain years, and he himself becomes infatuated with a little tramp of a circus performer; but he preserves his chastity until he finds peace in Stepney, in the arms of a wife who adores him without understanding him. And all the time he paints, heedless of contemporary opinion, refusing to exhibit. He is content to let posterity have the last word; and posterity does not fail him.

Nor does Dr. Cronin fail to give his readers a carefully constructed story, carefully described characters, and carefully evoked landscapes. What he does not give them, on many pages, is the breath of life.

Self-Impaled Soldier

***"The Train Was on Time," by Heinrich Böll** (translated by Richard Graves. Criterion Books. 142 pp. $3), a short novel by one of West Germany's outstanding young writers, recounts the doom-haunted journey of a corporal bound for the Eastern front.*

By Richard Plant

IT IS unfortunate that the works of Heinrich Böll, one of West Germany's outstanding young writers, are being presented in this country in the reversed order of their appearance. "Acquainted With the Night," Böll's first novel to reach the United States, was originally published in 1953; "Adam, Where Art Thou?" in 1951, and "The Train Was on Time" in 1949. The last, just published, is a lean-bodied, melancholy *novella* that seems a rehearsal for the longer later novels, a short intense *étude* that sounds all the haunting themes of the later symphonies but never develops them at full length.

Like all of Böll's protagonists, Andreas is an unheroic hero, a disillusioned young Displaced Person who has seen too much and hopes for too little. When the crowded troop train leaves for the Eastern front Andreas suddenly knows he is going to die soon—somewhere in Galicia, between Przemysl and Lvov. The train rattles on forever. Andreas eats, drinks, plays cards with two anonymous pals; but the word "soon" never leaves his mind. He even checks the exact spot on a wrinkled map; it will be forty miles out of Lvov.

It is proof of Böll's craftsmanship that the novel rarely loses its tension although the theme, like the dominating tragic motif of a Beethoven sonata, is never abandoned. Willy, the shrewd NCO to whom Lvov is a pleasure palace especially created for corporals who have graduated with honors from the Black Market, shares everything with his two companions. For brief moments Andreas manages to escape the boredom and suffering of this war which he hates. He joins the eating-and-drinking bouts Willy has "organized" but his pleasures are short-lived. For Andreas always comes back to his past, he always relives his sins and omissions. Like the heroes of Böll's longer narratives, he is a truly religious character in whom we can believe. For a long time Andreas has known that the war is folly, that the crimes against the con-

(*Continued on page* 28)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Robert Phillips.

Eric Sevareid—"informed, experienced, humane. . . ."

Communicator-at-Ease

"Small Sounds in the Night," by Eric Sevareid *(Alfred A. Knopf. 305 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short talks given over the radio by a distinguished commentator. Gilbert Seldes, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Seven Lively Arts" and other books.*

By Gilbert Seldes

ERIC SEVAREID has perpetrated a gross and cruel deception—not on the public, with whom he is always honest—but on us, his fellow workers in the difficult art of saying something cogent, clear, and important on the air. Day after day, and year after year, Mr. Sevareid has talked to us as a friend might talk to a friend. No matter how well informed he has been he has never made us feel ignorant. No matter how compact he has had to be, how briefly he spoke, how much he said, we have always felt the same sense of ease, as if he had dropped around and told us something we wanted to know.

And now we discover that these effortless little conversations of his are in themselves small works of art, of that special art of communication over which we labor and which so often produces stilted sentences and muddy phrases. These brief nightly broadcasts which last about five minutes each, in print in a book called "Small Sounds in the Night," are pleasurable to read, as they were to hear, but they have none of the stigmata of the prepared broadcast.

For the most part these small pieces deal with light subjects. He gets around to baseball and normalcy as exemplified by the bunion derby and a junket to Nassau, but somehow they all get connected up with the background of a critical observer who knows what's going on in the nation's capital. This book hasn't the passion and the gravity of his autobiography, "Not So Wild a Dream," but the words are by the man who wrote that book, informed, experienced, and humane. There is even an echo of Sevareid's service as a war correspondent in the moving story of John Paton Davies, who for weeks inspired a group of soldiers lost in the jungle until, escaping Japanese and head-hunters and torrential rains, they reached safety —Davies, the diplomat who was some ten years later called lacking in judgment, discretion, and reliability. Sevareid's indignation communicates itself there as his admiration does in a salute to Sir Winston Churchill and his love for a variety of people less known whom he would never think of as less in any significant way.

The range and variety and surefootedness of these small essays are all indications of one thing: Sevareid is a humane person, not because he gushes pity, but because understanding flows through him. We may have doubts about the scholar who declared that nothing human was alien to him, a feeling that perhaps everything that couldn't be made rational was a little suspect. Our bright broadcaster seems to understand whatever his stormy world tosses up and talks as if he's waiting for us to answer him. He has a rare and—for me—most enviable gift.

Bedeviled Buffoon

"The Golden Ham," by Jim Bishop *(Simon & Schuster. 298 pp. $3.95), is the biography of Jackie Gleason, currently the most popular of comedians.*

By Allen Churchill

OVER recent years the American public has become accustomed to the knowledge that the comedians who make it roar with mirth are really tormented, insecure individuals, anything but laugh-provoking offstage. The great W. C. Fields could never get to sleep unless clutching a pillow tightly in his arms, and his final years were grotesquely fear-ridden. Other top comics, the moment they can afford it, surround themselves with stooges, part of whose job is to run errands for the great man and on occasion make him laugh. But the most important function of any stooge is to see that the funny fellow is never left alone.

Jackie Gleason, the rotund comedian whose Saturday night TV antics send millions into convulsions of hilarity, is no exception to any of this. In "The Golden Ham" Jim Bishop —author of last year's "The Day Lincoln Was Shot"—presents what he calls a candid biography of the most popular of contemporary comedians. Candid, however, seems to be too mild a word, for the author unsparingly has set down everything said about his subject. Thus in conversations with an anonymous doctor Gleason is described as having "slight paranoid overtones with a disposition toward suicide." Bishop himself categorizes Gleason as having the emotional responses of a sixteen-year-old boy. Also, the comedian lives in terror of death and "is loaded with fear but doesn't know it."

But even without such harsh phrases the picture given of Gleason is a tragic one. A compulsive eater who likes to polish off two huge steaks and demand a third for "dessert," he wages a constant battle to keep his weight within bounds. Yet even here he has a unique problem, for the great American public does not consider him funny when thin. He is also an accomplished insomniac who during sleepless nights watches the lights of Central Park from his sumptuous penthouse terrace, then at 6 a.m. forlornly brews coffee and wakes his valet to join him in drinking it.

Gleason's problems come from a choice assortment of conflicts. "Gleason the Catholic is not fond of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gleason the connoisseur of blondes. Gleason the fine actor has little respect for Jackie the drinker. Gleason the lonely brooder has no affection for Gleason the wit." Gleason himself sums it all up by admitting, "I guess I'll never make Heaven." A devout Catholic himself, author Bishop itemizes the comedian's besetting sins as "gluttony, lust, and blasphemy." Still even more revealing than Gleason the sinner is the picture of Gleason in contact with other human beings. When talking to one person the comedian is subdued and uneasy, his eyes darting about for others to be drawn into a group. He can only be happy before an audience.

Why? Mr. Bishop gives no real answers. Gleason's father left his Brooklyn home when Jackie was a child, and never came back. His mother was a strong-willed Irishwoman who hated doctors and died (as did Al Jolson's mother) before her son's horrified eyes. Shortly after Jackie married a saintly girl who reminded him of his mother, but the theatrical part of him pushed him toward prodigious drinking and flashy dames. Today an icy separation exists between the two, while Gleason is enamored of a girl whose name this biography uses. (But the author, unsparing to the end, quotes his doctor as saying Jackie is incapable of loving anyone for more than two years.)

Mr. Bishop also tries to make a case for Gleason as an untutored intellectual, reading books unusual for such a man. But when it comes to naming the books he is coy. He also declares that Gleason is a great comedian (his subject's own fond name for himself is "The Greatest"), but here too he could be on weak ground. Gleason's mental miseries may well have crept into, and soured, his art. His "Honeymooners" sketch, to which he has stuck doggedly, increasingly shows undercurrents of the sort of viciousness that might afflict a man bewildered by, and angry at, the world. To Gleason and his stooges Ralph and Alice seem a couple deeply in love, despite the weekly acid arguments. But to some of us the Kramdens seem more like a couple trapped in an economic rat-race, spewing out hatred of each other.

"The Golden Ham" solves none of Gleason's problems, but it is an intermittently fascinating book. Oddly, for a book about a big-name performer, it is devoid of illustrations. Badly proofread, too. Time after time the same words are used to describe the same people, and the Hollywood-conscious author should know better than to call the well-known actor Jack Okey.

—By Eliot Elisofon, from the book.

". . . the theatre in the East . . . one of the glories of the world."

Oriental Glory

"Theatre in the East," by Faubion Bowers *(Thomas Nelson. 374 pp. $7.50), surveys the manifestations of a great art in fourteen countries, from India to the islands of the equator and northwards to Japan. Here it is reviewed by Donald Keene, author of "The Japanese Discovery of Europe."*

By Donald Keene

THIRTY years ago when the greatest classical dancer of Ceylon performed in Germany he shared a billing at a circus with "The Wild Man of Borneo." It is only today that we in the West are beginning to emerge from our curious provincialism about the dance and drama of Asia. The great obstacle has long been in the lack of suitable books. The interested outsider has been faced with the choice between, say, the impossibly technical study of a single exotic musical instrument and the burblings of an uninformed enthusiast. Even those people fortunate enough to be able to visit India, Thailand, and other countries of Asia have often been restricted to the conventional tourist sights for want of information on where dance or drama might be seen.

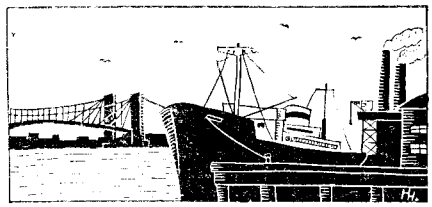
Now, thanks to Faubion Bowers's masterful "Theatre in the East," the theatres of Asia have been opened to us. Asia, as Mr. Bowers uses the name, refers to the vast section of the globe where the cultures of India and China have exerted their powerful influence. He takes us to fourteen such countries, from India to the islands on the equator and northwards to Japan. It is an exciting journey under the tutelage of so interesting a mentor. This book will provide a happy substitute to the exertions of travel for those who prefer the comfort of their own homes; for those who intend to follow Mr. Bowers on a journey through Eastern Asia it will be an indispensable guide.

Conditions vary greatly from country to country in Asia, depending on the temperament of the people and their particular heritage, including the colonial one, but Mr. Bowers is successful in disengaging the elements which give an underlying unity to his work. In Asia the dance and the drama are almost everywhere very closely linked, and the dividing line between the two is usually difficult to establish. An actor who cannot dance is an impossibility in the traditional theatre of Burma, no less than in that of Japan. And to consider the dance to be one of the highest ex-

(*Continued on page 32*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANA



Survival by Sea

"Sea War," by Felix Riesenberg, Jr. (Rinehart. 320 pp. $5), tells the story of the U. S. merchant marine in World War II. Fletcher Pratt, author of many books on the American Navy, reviews it below.

By Fletcher Pratt

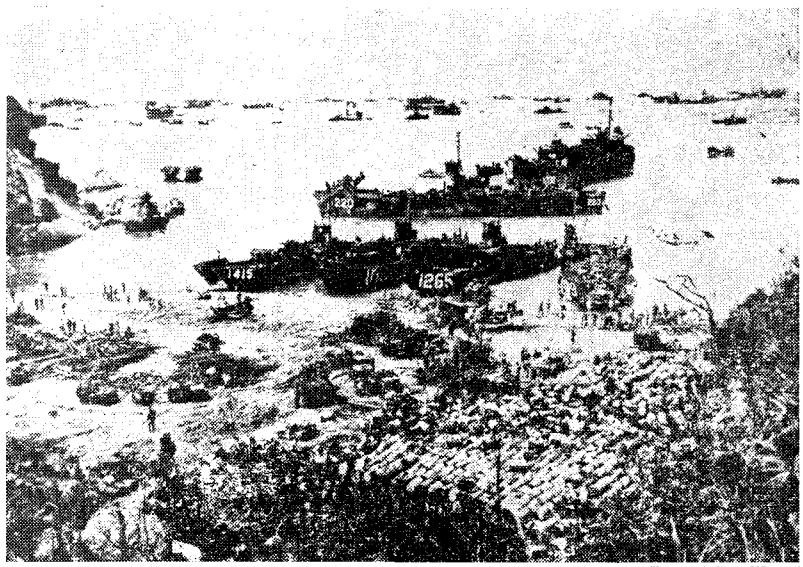
THE STORY of the U.S. merchant marine in World War II—a merchant marine that rapidly grew to be the largest in the world under extremely unfavorable conditions and which, in spite of enormous difficulties from above and below, did a highly creditable job—has badly needed telling in book form. Now exactly the right man has been found to write it. Felix Riesenberg, Jr. began his sea career in the merchant marine at the age of ten and was with it all through the war; he has run down every story, investigated every incident, and gone over hundreds of accounts of eyewitnesses and survivors; and it is rather surprising how much information he manages to condense into "Sea War," a book of by no means magisterial proportions.

There are four main threads in the story. One concerns the damage caused by the German and Japanese submarines and the frightful scenes when ships went down, tanker crews turned to flaming torches under the shock of torpedoes, the struggles of survivors; the complete lack of any means of defense off the American east coast in the early months of the war and later in the Caribbean; the unavailing effort to get some kind of armament for merchant vessels; the barbarity of the Japanese who lined survivors up on deck with their hands tied, made them run a gantlet, and then kicked them overboard. The sad part of the story is that men, guns, ships, and planes for the defense simply did not exist. If Mr. Riesenberg does not trace the steps by which the submarines were daunted, he is within his rights in a book of this compass, since the merchant mariners were only aware of the fact that not so many ships were going down after the tide turned.

The second main line concerns the building program and the War Shipping Administration under Admiral Land, who was the subject of so much violent criticism during the war and after. Mr. Riesenberg puts up a strong and quite valid defense for the admiral; it was his business to turn out ships that would carry troops and supplies overseas in a hurry, and if these cost more than they would under peacetime conditions, the answer is that everything in war is expensive. (It takes $2,000 or $3,000 to pay for fuel every time a combat airplane takes off, without counting the capital investment.) Full tribute is paid to the plodding Liberty ships that carried the bulk of the war loads—and also to their defects.

AT THIS point the third thread is crossed—the question of the unions. They objected to the design of the Liberties as below standard in crew accommodations, and at the head of the National Maritime Union of the East Coast stood the ineffable Joe Curran, of whom it is enough to say that he was a strong isolationist down to Hitler's invasion of Russia, when he became an equally violent interventionist. Mr. Riesenberg's conclusion is that on the whole the unions did a good job. He does not minimize the fact that there were a lot of bad apples in the barrel, that dope addicts and draft-board rejects frequently found their way aboard ship, but he points out also the really strenuous efforts of the unions, especially on the West Coast, to keep such characters out. The unions did set up a training activity for apprentice seamen, even before the big Government project was launched. They strenuously, and he believes rightly, opposed all efforts to bring the merchant marine under Navy regulation, and ultimately were pretty successful in keeping discipline aboard.

Yet the main complaints against the sailors of the merchant marine remained the high wages (with overtime) and the malingering—sailors refusing to unload in emergency unless paid bonuses. Mr. Riesenberg has painstakingly investigated every case. Some of the stories were patently false, like one out of which Drew Pearson made a great deal of capital. Some had a basis in fact, but the facts were not often as reported. The big-wage story sinks to the vanishing point under restrained analysis. There remained a number of stories of genuine gold bricks, like the alleged cook who did not know you had to put yeast in bread dough, but they were on a far lower level than usually assumed ten years ago. The careful investigation, the painstaking, yet interesting, writing could hardly have been done at any time previous to this, which is one of the main reasons why the book is worth having



—*From "Sea War."*

U.S. Merchant Marine ships off Okinawa—"in World War II a highly creditable job."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Omar from Armenia

"Song of America," by George M. Mardikian *(McGraw-Hill. 312 pp. $4.50), is the autobiography of an Armenian who arrived in the United States at the age of eighteen and in time became one of the country's leading restaurateurs. Oscar Lewis, author of "Bay Window Bohemia" and other books about California, reviews it below.*

By Oscar Lewis

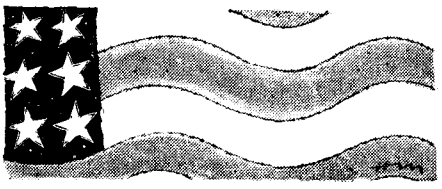
"SONG of America" is a book that gets close to the core of what America means to millions who, coming to these shores from other lands, have found here the opportunities, challenges, and—most of all—the freedom from oppression denied them elsewhere. It is the first-person story of an eighteen-year-old Armenian youth who arrived at Ellis Island from his strife-torn native land in 1922, who made his way to San Francisco, where he joined an elder brother and promptly got a job washing dishes in a local restaurant, working twelve hours a day for a wage of $12 a week. Sixteen years later the ex-dishwasher, by then a successful restaurateur, opened a cafe of his own at the same spot; this was Omar Khayyam's, the renowned and elegant establishment that has ever since been a favorite with the gourmets of that highly food-conscious town.

George Mardikian's rise from poverty to affluence was not a quick or easy one. During the first few years, knowing hardly a word of the language, he held a series of menial jobs: kitchen helper and busboy in cafeterias before graduating to counterman and finally manager of one of the units in a chain of lunchrooms. But all the while he had a definite goal in mind. This was to introduce to his fellow Americans—for he had become a citizen in 1927—the foods of his native land, exotic dishes that he believed would lend welcome variety to the cut-and-dried menus of the day.

The opportunity to put his theories to the test came when he presently moved to Fresno to help manage his father-in-law's estate. In one of the pieces of property left by the deceased was a small lunchroom; there he presently began serving the *shish kebab, kouzou kzartma*, and other dishes of his homeland. These proved so popular not only with the Armenians, of whom there are many in and about that valley town, but with the public in general, that within a year or two he was operating one of the largest and most elegantly appointed restaurants in the entire San Joaquin Valley. Then came the founding of the San Francisco Omar's, which was likewise a rousing success from the day of its opening. The rest was plain sailing.

"Song of America" is, however, far more than a story of business success. Having gained wealth and a degree of leisure Mardikian was at last in a position, as he expresses it, to try to repay the debt he owed to his adopted country. This he has done, and in full measure. One of the most notable of his services was during World War II when he was delegated to visit military posts throughout this country and abroad and devise means of improving the quality of Army cooking—an accomplishment for which he deserves to be remembered with gratitude by countless thousands of ex-G.I.s. Another was when he was put in charge of providing food for delegates to the first United Nations Conference, held in San Francisco in 1945. On extremely short notice he assembled a staff, set up a kitchen and dining room at the meeting place, and daily offered visitors from all over the world dishes they had known in their native lands. Yet another memorable contribution came after the war when, as head of the American Committee to Aid Homeless Armenians, he directed the raising of funds to house, clothe, and feed thousands of his dispossessed former countrymen and to enable them to migrate to the New World and begin life anew.

An always interesting story and often an inspiring one; the book deserves a wide and thoughtful reading.



Flag Bearers

"Patriotism on Parade," by Wallace Evan Davies *(Harvard University Press. 367 pp. $6), is the story of veterans' and hereditary organizations in the United States from 1783 to 1900. Professor Harvey Wish of Western Reserve University, our reviewer, is the author of "Contemporary America."*

By Harvey Wish

BESIDES academic qualifications Wallace Evan Davies has unusual assets— or liabilities—for writing a scholarly book on veterans' groups and hereditary societies. His mother was not only an active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, and the Daughters of 1812, but an organizer of a juvenile chapter of the United States Flag Association, in which her son was no less than a "flagpole" for the "living flag." He even recalls with some trepidation that he was once president of a chapter of the Children of the American Revolution. At various times he has held an American Legion scholarship and a Grand Army of the Republic prize.

It is obvious, however, that he is no hostage to these groups, for he has written an admirably objective history called "Patriotism on Parade: The Story of Veterans' and Hereditary Organizations in America, 1783-1900." While critics of these societies may deplore his efforts at times to explain their motives as ordinary gregariousness and a middle-class hunger (in the case of the hereditary groups) for social distinctions, this is not a "sympathetic" account in the usual sense; no one can complain that he has withheld unpleasant facts or necessary adverse judgments.

The American Revolution gave birth to the Society of the Cincinnati, a veterans' organization whose insistence on hereditary descent and fancy decorations aroused national fears of a new aristocracy and a possible dictatorship. Washington, its embarrassed president-general, forced the Society to water down some of its pretensions. A distinct prototype of later veterans groups—it is still alive with 1,600 members—the Society lobbied for land grants, pensions, and other aid.

Davies makes his chief contribution to the vast monographic literature in this field in the detailed story of the Grand Army of the Republic, who are still remembered by many as the mellow patriarchal Civil War veterans

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggling to keep in line in the Memorial Day parades at the turn of the century. Yet these men built an incredibly powerful machine of over 400,000 members by 1890. They were not content with the usual welfare services, employment preference laws, conventions, excursions, and parades. At times they almost dominated the Republican Party, especially under leaders like John A. Logan of Illinois and "Corporal" Tanner, and extracted pension benefits for all Union veterans, including those dishonorably discharged. Uncooperative lawmakers found their days in office brief.

Like the hereditary societies, the GAR played the role of patriot Vestal Virgins, seeking out radicalism, ferreting out suspect textbooks, and—going beyond other societies—repeatedly offering to put down strikes and labor riots. Professor John Bach MacMaster felt it advisable to send the proofs of his textbook to the history text committee of the GAR. For decades—before reversing their position—they kept the memories of Civil War hates green by their injection of "bloody shirt" issues into politics and their feuds with Confederate groups.

Most engrossing is the tale of the numerous hereditary societies after 1890. Unfortunately, Dr. Davies has chosen to frustrate his readers by ending arbitrarily with the year 1900, but he shows that most aspects of pressure-group strategy in the next century had been anticipated by 1900. The DAR and the SAR (Sons of the Revolution) and their rivals were interested in much more than high social status in a small town. They tried to fossilize Americanism by spreading indifference if not hostility to basic social reform (to say nothing of revolution) and internationalism.

Although Dr. Davies warns his readers that it is dangerous to generalize regarding all the veterans' and hereditary groups, his own painstaking list of exceptions to the rule does not eliminate the transparent ingredients of chauvinism, unenlightened self-interest, and inordinate vanity that infused so many of those who succumbed to the "joining" spirit. This reviewer would discount the suggestion that in any significant degree the societies merely reflected the dominant currents of their time. Outside of the societies there were many responsible middle-class groups and leaders who showed direct concern for the breadlines and severe wage cuts and unemployment which marked the great depressions of 1873 and 1893. And much more could have been expected from the veterans' groups which drew so heavily at that time from the distressed farmers.

Benefactors, Inc.

***"The Ford Foundation: The Men and the Millions," by Dwight Macdonald** (Reynal. 186 pp. $3.50), is "an unauthorized biography" of the largest of the foundations. It is reviewed here by Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale University.*

By Fred Rodell

WHAT the swindle-sheet has long been to the man in the gray flannel suit the foundation grant has become today, in an appropriately minor key, to the man in mortarboard and gown. It is a nice device for making more money, at nobody-in-particular's expense except the Government's, without doing, usually, any more work or even any very different work than he was doing before. Scratch a foundation grantee, direct or indirect (those institutional and "group project" grants), and you'll find nine out of ten an academic businessman — shekel-minded, sober-sided, and uncontroversially safe.

The meat of Mr. Macdonald's book is the extraordinary collection of information he has put together, with the continuity and clarity of the true craftsman, about the people and the policies that run the modern mammoth among institutional Maecenases. The book's flavor is best suggested by a few — too few — quotes: "The Ford Foundation . . . is a large body of money completely surrounded by people who want some." "A foundation never attacks a problem, it sneaks up on it." "A terminal grant is a germinal grant gone to seed." "A typical Ford project is a $174,000 'cross-cultural' study . . . which contains . . . full instructions on how to make 'a funnel-type open-ended interview with probes,' which sounds like a plumber's tool but isn't." "Mr. Cooke [Alistair C. of the Foundation's TV show, "Omnibus"] is a kind of cultural headwaiter. . . ." "Anybody can join an adult-education group . . . regardless of race, creed, color, or previous condition of platitude."

In somewhat more serious vein Mr. Macdonald can say: "The philanthropoid . . . patronizes the drudges who month by month, with the diligence of polyps building a coral reef, pile up the barrier of data behind which our civilization conceals its problems." And again: "There is . . . a widespread suspicion that constructive thinking can take place only inside one skull at a time, and that the enforced collectivization of thought, far from producing more or better ideas, merely brings everything down to the safely mediocre."

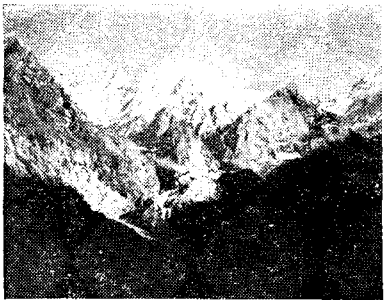
—By Steinberg, from the book jacket.

Here are the twin themes that dominate the Macdonald deflation of Foundations in general and the Ford giant in particular. Granted the donors are well-meaning (as well as corporate-control-conscious and tax-shrewd), granted that attacks from the political Right (as against the Fund for the Republic, Ford's "wholly disowned subsidiary") are stupid, granted it is a Good Thing to raise college teachers' salaries (though quite indiscriminately), still it is individual intelligence, not group grubbing, that has produced practically all of the world's great creative ideas, and even a fresh idea from a member of a subsidized team must be stultified when cut to the least common denominator of a concurring crowd.

The head-man of one institution of learning that recently received a special seven-figure Ford grant publicly announced that to "implement the project" he was seeking men with "synthetic minds." The *double-entendre* was doubtless unintentional. But as Mr. Macdonald puts it: "The American academic world, thanks partly to the foundations, is becoming a place where committees accumulate and thought decays." "Synthetic" in the original sense grows almost synonymous with "synthetic" in the popular sense. What U. S. scholarship needs, and is *not* getting by courtesy of foundation funds, is precisely the sort of clean, original, analytic work that Mr. MacDonald's book typifies in itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quiet Revolutionist



Sunrise in Ultar.

"Hunza: Lost Kingdom of the Himalayas," by John Clark *(Funk & Wagnalls. 270 pp. $5), is an account of a one-man Point IV program in operation in a remote valley in West Pakistan. Justice William O. Douglas, who reviews it here, is the author of "Beyond the High Himalayas."*

By William O. Douglas

JOHN CLARK is an American from Illinois who saw Central Asia in World War II and later went back on a mission of social work. He chose Hunza, a principality within the physical confines of West Pakistan but ruled by an absolute monarch called the Mir. Hunza borders Chinese Turkestan (Sinkiang) on the south. It is one of the remotest regions of the earth, a few miles wide and about eighty miles long. It lies in one of the deepest, most spectacular, and poorest canyons in the world. The men of Hunza—recently coming into favor as porters on the K-2 expeditions in the Karakoram—earn their meager livelihood by farming and by herding sheep and goats. Their farming methods are primitive; they have no industrial plants except water wheels that turn stones for grinding wheat and barley; they have few schools and no hospitals; there are no roads in Hunza; and there are few people of Hunza who to this day have seen a wheel.

But small and remote as Hunza is, it is nevertheless typical of feudal Asia. In miniature it was China under Chiang Kai-shek and the present-day Middle East and Africa. It is primitive in its stage of development and exploitive in its political controls. It is made of the stuff on which Communist expansionism thrives.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Goiter patients carrying quick cure—iodine.

John Clark spent over a year in Hunza. By profession he is a geologist; and he made some valued surveys for the Pakistan Government. But any American who goes to the farthest reaches of Asia must be a specialist in many fields. He is expected to be a medical expert. He is expected to know the secrets of science. For the story of the scientific wonders of the West have reached Asia's billions; and they are filled with curiosity and yearning. John Clark set up a medical clinic and ministered to the needs of the 16,000 in the Hunza community. He had the miracle drugs of sulfa and penicillin and worked wonders. Through medicine he worked his way into the hearts of the people of Hunza.

He tried to introduce modern agricultural techniques. But habits are hard to change. His only progress on this point was the development of new vegetables from a generous supply of American seeds.

His basic contribution was the establishment of the first industry Hunza ever knew. There is good apricot and mulberry wood in Hunza; and Clark conceived of the idea of establishing a woodcraft school for young men. He had the necessary simple tools and he brought a simple lathe over the Himalaya and geared it to a water-wheel. After much effort he taught woodcraft to a few of the youth of Hunza. He soon had competent artists making chairs, platters, boxes, candelabra. and the like. Hunza at last had the beginnings of an export commodity that could be traded south of the Himalaya for food. Export commodities are what Hunza needs more than anything else. For it hardly has enough food to carry the people through the winter except on the strictest of rations. Hunza, like Asia and the Middle East, must have a degree of industrialization if her standard of living is raised. And it must be raised, else in the long run the Communist pressure from the north will become irresistible.

John Clark, financed by a few friends, was a one-man Point IV program. And his experiences illustrate the difficulties of any American educational and industrial project in Asia. There are some nations—notably India—which are committed to vast political and social reforms. There are others who fear reform almost as much as they fear Communism. For reform means an end of their perquisites and power. They want the masses appeased, not improved. They fear democracy and communism alike. Their only security is in the status quo. Those governments want massive Western aid. But when they get it they garner most of the profits for themselves. Even the progressive Asian governments that preach and practise democracy have their own bureaucracies that are jealous of outsiders. Moreover, every government wants to do its reconstruction its own way. Their newly-won independence is their most prized possession. They have long been told by some outside power what to do and how to do it. They now want to make their own plans, prepare their own blueprint, and do their own field work. They are extremely sensitive to any attempt at foreign domination or direction.

ALL of these problems are presented in Clark's book "Hunza: Lost Kingdoms of the Himalayas." His experience has a lesson that applies far beyond Hunza. It tells why social reconstruction is the most painful process a nation must suffer. It shows why massive foreign-aid programs will be wasteful and tragic. It shows why it is that America's great and abiding contribution to the underprivileged nations of the world will be more at the educational than at the financial level. The revolutions are on their way. They will come from the inside. The great transition from feudalism is on its way. It cannot be contained by guns or dollars.

We can make a critical and decisive contribution in the struggle for the hearts and minds of the uncommitted peoples of the world. But Mr. Clark's book illustrates in miniature why it is that building dams and factories alone is not the answer. This small book about remote Hunza is timely. It should help illuminate the Great Debate that is right ahead of us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Legion of Hell

***"The White Kepi," by Walter Kanitz** (Henry Regnery. 364 pp. $5), is a casual history of the French Foreign Legion. Here it is reviewed by Geoffrey Bocca, a British writer who recently spent several months with the Legion in Algeria.*

By Geoffrey Bocca

THE French Foreign Legion, the army of brilliant last stands, may now be fighting its last stand of all. Indochina has gone. Morocco and Tunisia have gone. In Algeria 200,000 French troops including 30,000 Legionnaires are trying unsuccessfully to suppress about 15,000 terrorists. "Where France fights the Legion fights." But if Algeria goes where can the Legion go?

A history of the Legion is due while it is still with us, but it is not an easy thing to write. Hard as it is to imagine such an organization as the Foreign Legion in the modern world it is even harder to imagine a world without it. Liberals and the Roman Catholic Church alike detest the principle of an army of mercenaries, but the romantic continues to be drawn to it. This may be because the Legion, despite its harshness, has never compromised with its basic principle. It remains today the last great refuge for the misfits of the world, the last fling before suicide, the last chance of redemption before prison.

For 126 years the Legion has mixed the unmixable and it is still doing so. In Algeria recently this reviewer met two corporals, former S.S. men, serving in perfect harmony under a Jewish sergeant. Only one quality makes this mixing possible and that is *esprit*. The Legion is the finest defensive fighting force in the world. It cannot win lightning wars the way the U.S. Marines can. That is not its role. It is trained for slowness. The Legion march is a funereal sixty-eight long paces to the minute, and the Legion trains a man to stick to it. Too often his job is to entrench and defend a position which cannot humanly be held, hoping not so much for military relief as for some political solution to be worked out in Paris before he and his comrades are annihilated.

From the Battle of Camerone in 1863, when sixty-five Legionnaires fought to the end against 2,000 Mexican troops, to Dien Bien Phu in 1954 the tradition of the Legion has always been one of absolute sacrifice with "Honor and Fidelity."

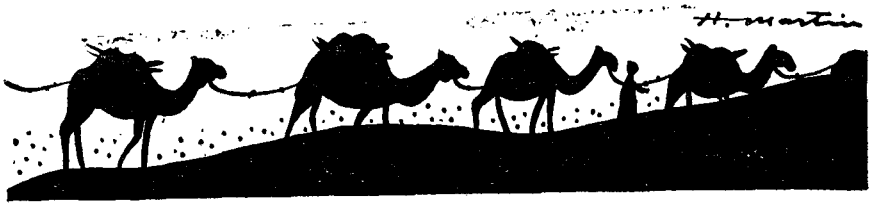
Why do they do it? Why do foreigners fight so magnificently for a country in which few have any interest, a country which some actively hate? Walter Kanitz, an Austrian ex-Legionnaire now living in Canada, offers several sound answers to this fundamental question in his book "The White Kepi," but he does not give enough credit to the French genius in handling mercenaries.

Mr. Kanitz's Legion background is an advantage in one way and a disadvantage in another. Legionnaires can enlist under any name and nationality they wish, and they live in a vacuum world part fact and part fiction. This makes them notoriously unreliable about facts. The Legion is the army of tall stories, and the unwary visitor might come away believing that every Legionnaire he has met is a former marquis, doctor, or general. The Legion even has a word for it—*la cravate*. A Legionnaire, for example, might say, "I remember one day in civilian life. My butler came in and said, 'Excuse me, Your Imperial Highness but . . .'."

"Cravate! Cravate!" the others will shout and the offender will be awarded the prize, an enormous bow-tie.

Mr. Kanitz deserves not so much a tie as a leash. One recognizes with delight the Legionnaire's *panache* in his foreword which claims "If [this book] is not the complete truth then I can only say in all modesty that it is as close to the truth as anyone will ever come," after which he manages to squeeze four thumping inaccuracies even into his brief account of the Battle of Camerone.

"The White Kepi" is an anti-Legion book. The subheadings, such as "Punishment," "Homosexuality," "Alcohol," "Deserters," etc., indicate its temper. Mr. Kanitz's best source is his own memory, and his understanding of Legion character is acute. For the rest he relies too heavily on the type of "Legion-of-Hell" memoirs so popular in British six-penny editions before the war. His bibliography omits two of the most important pro-Legion books written since the war, namely the French "Legionnaire," by Colonel Jacques Weygand (1951), and the really excellent work called "Nothing to Lose," by a British Legionnaire, Colin John, published last year. Mr. Kanitz calls his book a "casual" history, but a better word would be "careless."



WORKING PEER: The Right Honorable John Raymond Godley, Third Baron Kilbracken of Killegar, in the county of Letrim (Ireland), in the peerage of the United Kingdom, need only stay alive and unconvicted of felony if he wants to keep his title for the rest of his life. But to keep the ancestral Godley estate, with its Georgian mansion and hundreds of acres of pasture and woodland, he must somehow meet an annual operating deficit of several hundred pounds. He has been doing this recently as a writer and lecturer, and his book **"Living Like a Lord"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) certainly ought to help.

This amusing collection of autobiographical sketches shows that even the life of a twentieth-century peer can be adventurous. Kilbracken has been an illegal student-bookie at Eton and a wartime pilot in the Fleet Air Arm of one of the last biplanes ever to be flown operationally in a war; he has driven 17,000 miles overland from the Netherlands to Calcutta and he has tasted the pomp of his title by taking his seat in the House of Lords and participating in Queen Elizabeth's coronation. But his wildest adventure seems to have been an encounter with the American film director John Huston, who while making "Moby Dick" in Ireland tantalized the author for months with the prospect of playing Ishmael to Gregory Peck's Ahab. In his cool and clinical appraisal of how Huston deals with friends and employes Kilbracken buries his true feelings about the Great Man. There is, as a matter of fact, an air of detached wonder and pleasant modesty in all of his accounts of the weird things a lord finds himself doing these days. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

TWO ON A BUM: In 1927, a vintage year for memorabilia, two Stanford undergraduates named Reese Wolfe and John Kenney undertook to bum their way around the world. They got no further than Spain—where they became involved in a speculative mining venture which Mr. Wolfe describes in a wonderfully effervescent memoir entitled **"Where the Credit's Low, Order Champagne"** (Lippincott, $3). The title stems from one of the many

(*Continued on page 29*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science-Fiction Soviet-Style

By ALEXANDER MARSHACK

IT WAS Toynbee who said that the dream and soul of a society are a measure both of its future and its success. So shortened this concept may seem a bit too pat and clever an extension of psychoanalytic insight onto the scale of history. But it is a useful thought nevertheless. For in the dream are the symbols, the hopes, the frustrations around which a life proceeds. It is the measure of a person's or a society's hold on reality. It is the imaginative writer today who is the prime visualizer of these dreams. Consciously or not, he exposes the conflicts, hopes, and personality of at least one facet of his time and place.

We know that the USSR is training engineers at a faster rate than we are; that she has almost all the basic atomic theory; that her plans for intercontinental missiles, space ships, and satellites, and visits to the moon are as far advanced, if not farther, than ours. But how deeply has the Industrial Revolution—coming late to the vast, agrarian Russian scene—really bitten into the Russian soul? Is Russia's amazing recent industrialization a relatively shallow façade—a "Potemkin village"—or has she entered the lists in earnest, not only with her forced, rapid industrialization, but with a comparable change of the dream and soul. How free, how well equipped is the Soviet imagination to play with the fantasies, facts, visions of a new technological, scientific age? How far can it see down the exhilarating corridors of "space and time"?

The fact is, then, that interplanetary spacemen have landed in Soviet literature and in the Soviet imagination. It is a very significant measure of Russia's scientific progress. The first known Russian S-F story, "Ships from the Stars," written in 1953 by science-fictionist I. A. Yefremov, has reached this country, and we must report that it is full of all the weird and proper niceties.

"Ships from the Stars" is laden with the latest in astro-galactic physics, the latest in Soviet atomic theory, the latest in the best geological thinking. It has an astute theory concerning the evolution of life on other planets. It has space visitors with strange hard metals, inconceivably powerful weapons, ugly manlike creatures with beaked hawk-faces that are "without nose or ears," but creatures, nevertheless, with highly developed brains. Yefremov's creatures land on earth in order to replenish their own planet's atomic fuels and ores.

To millions of Americans this should taste at once like the staff of life. It is the stuff of S-F's daily bread. But let us stop a moment before sending out for copies. This is not one of our streamlined, jet-propelled, pulp-written pieces of science-fiction. This is Soviet S-F, and a relatively slow horse still.

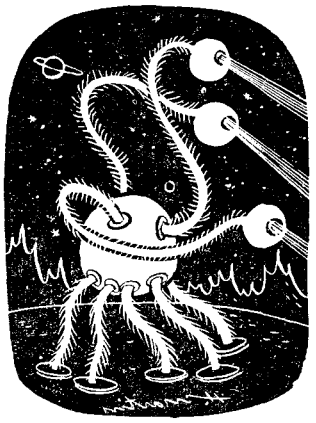
Science-fictionist Yefremov moseys along as leisurely as a medieval theologian. There are no shattering battles between star-men and earth-men, either as between space armadas or desperate scientists. In fact earth- and star-men never meet. And as a result there are none of the usual interplanetary exchanges of threats, insults, diseases, philosophies, knowledge, or women. This is a breach in S-F protocol that would have an American reader writing indignant letters to the editor. Second, there is no sex, either of the straight variety or of any of the many science-fiction aberrations. With this lapse Yefremov loses more readers, particularly those for whom the word "fiction" has come to be another word for the unrepressed sexual daydream. And third, there is no writing. "Ships from the Stars" is, of course, *written*. It merely lacks an adequate number of those necessaries which transmute ordinary handwriting into fiction: a believable character or two, a forward moving plot, and the rest of it.

This may be laid simply to Yefremov's and the Soviet Union's apprenticeship in the new field. In as brave and admirable a gesture as any in publishing, Yefremov says in his foreword:

> I am aware that my style has its faults, that my heroes are all alike, that my psychological line is inadequate.

One cannot long beat a man who so precisely confesses his shortcomings.

But then, having lost the thrill-seekers and abandoned the literary set, Yefremov leaves himself alone with the amateur scientists. And this, I am sure, is as he wishes it. The



USSR is in a rush to create a jet-age, atomic-age mentality. The new science-fiction is quickly popularizing the concepts of the new age. It is creating a Romanticism of Science in precisely the way the Russians created a Romanticism of Labor for the era of their industrialization.

THIS science-fiction, then, is intended not so much to entertain the truckdriver, commuter, or collective farmer. It is intended to teach, to teach science, and to awaken a popular interest in what the Russians feel clearly to be a socially necessary direction. In the forward to his first volume of science-fiction Yefremov claims:

> To lift the curtain of mystery, to speak of scientific achievements yet to come as realities, and so lead the reader to the outposts of science. But this is not the sole aim of Soviet science-fiction. Its philosophy is to serve the growth of the imagination and the creative power of our people in the study of life. Its chief aim is to search for the new, and so gain an insight into the future.

This is a creed, actually, not far different from that of our own writers of science-fiction. For all are, in a sense, proselytizers on the frontiers of science. And while the American writer may tell a better, faster tale, he has the same defense and rationalization. Neither wishes to bear the onus of writing "merely escape literature." But rationalizations for science-fiction apart, Yefremov's prime concern, like that of any writer, is to win readers. And these he has. Soviet science-fiction has picked up a wide following. It is well enough established for the Russians to translate it and attempt its export.

If we take "Ships from the Stars" at its own valuation, it is profoundly revealing of the Soviet problem, of the Soviet mind, of the Soviet hope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First a word on the story. Yefremov's space-men land on earth for a short stay fully 70,000,000 years back, in the Cretaceous period—long before man himself had come on the evolutionary scene. This was the great age of the reptile, and the dinosaur was a dangerous nuisance to the space-man. In a simple freak accident one of these space-men is killed. His skull is buried in the alluvial mud. That is all. That is the extent of their visit, and all the drama of their stay.

Millennia later the prehistoric event is pieced together by Soviet paleontologist Shatrov and Soviet geologist Davidov in a series of Sherlock Holmes deductions. A "fragment of the left shoulderblade of a predatory dinasaur" is found in central Asia by a young Chinese geologist. It has in it the clean hole of a peculiar gun shot wound. Tracing this clue Shatrov and Davidov pause to give the reader a history of the formation of the earth and of the whole evolution of life.

The chance theory by a pupil in astronomy that the solar system, whirling in the Milky Way in its immense galactic orbit, sometimes approaches other solar systems leads to the conclusion that 70,000,000 years ago it passed near enough for some outer spacemen to chance the hop. This leads the author into a lengthy popular exposition of the universe, its structure, and the complexities of modern astronomy.

So it is that the bone and astronomical theory are pieced together. More bones with weapon wounds are found on a hurried geological expedition into Asia. This leads to a long exposition of Soviet geological methods. Finally the space-man skull is found. Since he came to earth seeking atomic fuels, we go into a long popularization of atomic theory, radioactivity, and the transformation of energy and matter.

Despite his own space-men Yefremov (and perhaps Soviet science, for Yefremov is a practising scientist) does not believe in interstar travel. He admits the possibility of life, even human life, in other solar systems, and he does a good job of theorizing it, but he does not envision any visits to or from these creatures:

> The distance of the nearest stars having planetary systems is tremendous. So tremendous it would take a score of years traveling at the speed of light. No space craft can develop such speed, and lower speeds would make it a thousand-year journey.

One should take note that this popular Soviet exposition of the modern sciences is entirely passable. There are few errors of scientific fact or theory. Even Yefremov's fantasy about harnessing the radioactive reactions occuring deep in the earth's crust, though far-fetched, conforms pretty closely with current geophysical thinking, which puts parts of the cause for the massive formation of mountains to the energy of these reactions.

YEFREMOV comes forth also with the tantalizing thought that the very minute radioactivity of the earth's crust may have played a part, over many hundreds of millions of years, in the evolution of life on earth. The idea leads to fascinating genetic possibilities.

If he is not a writer, Yefremov is not at all a bad teacher of science. But "Ships from the Stars" is not *just* a fiction-coated classroom. Yefremov not only teaches science, he debates key public questions:

> "Our geology and paleontology" [says an assistant waiting for geologist Davidov in the lab] "are far from being the most important fields of science. That makes me wonder whether I've chosen the right field to specialize in. I can't help feeling myself outside the center of things. I'd give anything to be with those who are building the atomic might of our country."
>
> "But what if a person has no talent for math?" [asks Zhenya, the girl].
>
> "That's no obstacle. There are parts of physics almost free of math."
>
> "Physics is certainly more important," Zhenya admits, "but paleontology is also useful. Knowledge, you know. . . ."
>
> A second girl, listening, grows sarcastic, "Huh! Chuck paleontology and dive into atomic research! Everybody's just waiting for you to make the big decision. Atomic genius finds the true vocation! Better ask the Prof what he thinks."

Professor Davidov, of course, says, "I like answering questions," and goes into a four-page editorial to the students of the Soviet Union:

> It is a serious question. Every technical revolution makes those fields of science outside seem unimportant . . . I am not a physicist, and do not engage in what is today most important, but my way is right for me because it is in harmony with my taste. . . . A people concerned with its future must ensure an all-round development of knowledge and culture. . . . In the West culture lags behind technical progress. . . .

It is in the "coffee-breaks" between these long lectures that the story proceeds.

> The strange bone, as smooth as if it were polished, shone with a dark mysterious light at the bottom of the pit. Slowly, patiently, and gently Davidov began to remove the sand around the dark-violet dome. It did not grow larger, but its walls became steep and it assumed the form of an irregular, slightly flattened hemisphere. Davidov suddenly felt the blade sink into the soft sand, as though the bone went no further. He groped gingerly for a while and then decided to risk it—a few turns and he loosened the sand under the bone, then he removed the sand with a soft brush and

(*Continued on page* 36)

"The secretary will please read the minutes of the next meeting."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board: HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors: E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors: AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor ELOISE PERRY HAZARD
Book Review Editor RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Feature Editor PETER RITNER

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK
FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

Contributing Editors
JOHN MASON BROWN
BENNETT CERF
HENRY HEWES
JOHN LEAR
JAMES THRALL SOBY
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1956, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

H-Bombs for Everyone

GOVERNOR HAROLD STASSEN, who has been given the job by the President of furthering disarmament, said in London recently that about one year remained before "the secret of making the hydrogen bomb" spread around the world. According to *The New York Times*, Governor Stassen contended that "if the secret, which is believed to be held only by the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain, is gradually acquired by other countries before an international disarmament treaty can be attained the world will be increasingly in danger as this knowledge spreads."

The implication here—and it is of profound significance—is that H-bombs may be far easier to manufacture than the public has thus far been given reason to suppose.

Until now the public has been led to believe that atomic bombs are required to "trigger" the explosions of H-bombs. This would mean that no nation would be able to manufacture H-bombs unless it first created a highly developed atomic-energy technology, resting on a fairly high level of industrialization. Clearly, on this basis it would be quite a while before industrially undeveloped countries could produce H-bombs. And even a relatively highly developed industrial country such as Japan would probably require several years to make an H-bomb starting from her present level of atomic technology.

But now Governor Stassen states that a "secret" of some sort will be spread around the world within the course of another year and this worries him. (Most of us, including Governor Stassen, are already worried considerably about H-bombs in the hands of the present owners.) Is it possible that what worries him is that H-bombs are easy to make—possibly even easier to make than A-bombs? Is it possible, based on the implications of Stassen's remarks, that a way has been found to bypass entirely the atomic-bomb development requirement? In this case nations which possess only a modest degree of technological sophistication may be able to manufacture H-bombs for themselves. In our time we have been witness to the ease with which madmen could acquire control of governments and wage war. Now we can contemplate the prospect of a weapon powerful enough to kill a billion human beings in the hands of such men.

In any case the American people have a right to know what the facts are. Certainly, and quite apart from the Soviet Union, the fact of H-bombs in the possession of certain nations and in the midst of international anarchy affects the entire world picture.

We have before us today the gigantic task of preserving freedom and of preserving the human species. In approaching that dual task we are confronted by world anarchy, by strong totalitarian powers, and by horrible weapons of destruction. It would appear axiomatic under these circumstances that the single overwhelming issue in the coming election should be our foreign policy—including the question of what to do about H-bombs.

Complete secrecy can lead to complete insecurity. Naturally, the Government should not disclose the intricate technical details concerning the design and construction of atomic or hydrogen bombs. But it seems axiomatic that the American people should be told enough about modern developments in military technology that affect our vulnerability. Again and again our Government has solicited the approval of the American people, yet the people themselves have an appallingly small amount of information concerning the biggest issue of all.

We have not been told how destructive H-bomb explosions really can be. We have not been told whether these bombs are easy or difficult to make. We have not been told how easy or difficult they are to deliver. We have been told practically nothing concerning our vulnerability to ordinary air attack, let alone to the approaching intercontinental missiles. Yet we hear of internal struggles between the armed services concerning these matters, and we are supposed to decide, on the basis of the most meager information imaginable, who is right and who is wrong.

There ought to be something of a political explosion in this country over the fact that the leaders of the Soviet Union are probably far better informed concerning both American military strength and weakness than the American people themselves.

—H. B.

Sense and Logic

SOME eighty years ago the following poem appeared in the English *Argosy*:

Together, time last together,
Unbraid but not weep;
  Above spaces of garden home
  Soft by western foam,
Where every zephyr seems to ring
With hearts inthe wanton bye . . .

The poem happened to be published at a time when something of a reaction had set in against the slavishness to traditional rhyme and rhythm. And the *Argosy* poem was defended by those who declared that art must not be static; it must not flee from the elusive or the magical. They contended there must be a place for venturesome verse. The artist had the right to strike through to new and high levels of the creative imagination. Even though the poet might not himself comprehend entirely what it is he is expressing, the act and process of expression were what was most important. And this particular poem was upheld as a superb example of modern expressionism.

But then, as now, the argument was joined by those who persisted in believing that the purpose of language is to convey meaning. Gibberish was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gibberish no matter what the disguise.

The controversy didn't last very long. It developed that the words and lines of the *Argosy* poem had been hopelessly scrambled by the printer; as it appeared the poem was little more than an extended typographical error.

What was most significant about the incident was not its farcical aspects so much as the fact that essentially there was nothing new about the controversy it produced. The eruption of the expressionists or obscurantists in the 1870s was part of a process known by almost every generation. Repeatedly and endlessly—and with a characteristic lack of connection to previous rebellions—there has hardly been an age without its artistic revolutionaries who were going to tear loose from traditional forms and who declared they were guided only by inner compulsions. As far back as the fourth century B. C. in Greece the artistic innovator was making large claims and receiving rebuff or recognition or both.

Today the debate over "modern" poetry is more interesting for the antiqueness of the arguments than for new frontiers being opened. We seem to forget that only thirty-five years ago we experienced an earlier instalment of the present controversy over "modern" verse. That was when Louis Aragon published his poem "Suicide":

A b c d e f
g h i j k l
m n o p q r
s t u v w
x y z

It was just about that time, too, that Pierre Chapka-Bonnière, then highly regarded for his mastery of the new form, wrote a poem called "Paroxysme":

— — — — —o—O
! ! ! tsi — i-i-I
—et sam — sam — a M.
—et sam —sam — a M.
? oha —Kleink — —tsi H.
! rrroor — O
—atakak—af —oh —tzii g.

This stark bit of originality went by the name of Dadaism, which set itself up as the artistic world beyond cubism and futurism. Dadism was seriously discussed by reputable critics and even had a journal of its own, *Bulletin Dada,* which published a manifesto called *proclamation sans pretention.* The founder of Dadaism was Tristan Tzara. Mr. Tzara made everything clear when he upheld his new artistic dimension:

"I write this manifesto in order to show that one can do at the same time two actions entirely opposed to each other in one fresh breathing; I am against action: for never ceasing contradiction: for affirmation, too; I am neither for nor against, and I do not explain, for I hate sense . . . We want works, straightforward, strong, accurate, and forever not understood. Logic is a complication. Logic is always wrong . . . The divine thing with us is the awakening of the anti-human action. Morality means infusion of chocolate in the veins of all men."

THE greatest failure of the extreme abstractionists is their inability to see that they are weakest at precisely the point where they claim they are strongest. They seek a franchise in the name of originality or experimentalism but there is very little that is original or experimental in their method. They renounce a tradition which few of them have ever taken the trouble to learn or master, but in so doing they perpetuate something of a tradition of their own—the tradition of the artistically dispossessed.

One must make a distinction, of course, between the man who has mastered the traditional forms of his art as the basis for an honest search for new and higher dimensions and the man who embraces innovation as a substitution for craftsmanship or demonstrated ability. In either case it is the job of the critic to call his shots as he sees them. The work of the poet or artist may be a subjective product, but the work of the critic can never be divorced from objective standards. This is not to say that standards in criticism do not or should not change. But even such change should be in the nature of refinement and growth, making use of the accretions of previous experience.

Criticism is meaningless unless the yardstick of the critic is visible and respected. Whatever the license of the artist the critic is under no compulsion to judge on any basis other than what he sees. He cannot make the view of the artist his own. For he represents not the artist but a public, trained or otherwise, seeking valid appraisal. Certainly the critic is not obligated to dispense exemptions for poets who write largely for each other but who present themselves for critical approbation just the same.

True, it isn't easy for a critic to avoid being stampeded. But it may help to be reminded that Arnold Bennett won his reputation in criticism by not losing his balance. Even when James Joyce's "Ulysses" was at the height of its literary vogue Bennett had enough independence to stick to an objective appraisal. He was impressed by Joyce's wit and ingenuity and his piercing ability to see parts of life. He was enchanted by the lyrical beauty of certain passages. But he didn't hesitate to say that Joyce's vision of the world and its inhabitants was "mean, hostile, and uncharitable." Nor did he hesitate to say that large portions of the book were "dull, pompous, absurd, confused, and undirected. . . . [Joyce] had resources but could not use them; he bungled the affair, and then threw his chin up and defied anyone to assert that he had not done what he did in the way he did solely because he wanted to do precisely that thing in precisely that way. A *post facto* pose with which all creative artists, and some others, are experientially acquainted!"

Significantly, it was Arnold Bennett who was prompt to defend "Ulysses" against the charge of pornography. And he was just as effective because of his objectivity in this respect as he was in his original criticism.

The values which critics bring to their work may vary, but the reader is at least entitled to know what those values are and how they are being applied. The editor of this magazine cannot pretend that we ourselves unfailingly pass this particular test; but at least there will be no Tzara hate of sense and contempt for logic in these pages if we can possibly help it.

—N. C.

Bookmarks

A WOMAN in Westchester County, New York, fell downstairs and went to law about it. The case came to trial and the plaintiff was awarded $28,000. The defense sought to have the verdict set aside on the ground that a conscientious juror took with him into the jury room two books explaining how to be a conscientious juror. The judge refused to accommodate —said the books were "innocuous and harmless." Our legal department will follow through on this if the business goes into extra innings.

* * *

Consider the time wasted every day in thousands and thousands of courtrooms up and down the land by one side or the other's objecting to something as "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial"—fourteen dreary syllables. Why not substitute the simple formula "Three I's"?

* * *

A California girl lost control of a car when a pile of books beside her slid to the floor and she stooped to pick them up. A five-year-old child was killed. When driving let fallen books lie.

* * *

Nothing seems to be trenchant any more. —J. T. W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A DIFFERENT PRESCRIPTION

IT WAS WITH CURIOUS INTEREST that I read the admonitions of John Ciardi, your new poetry editor ["Everyone Writes (Bad) Poetry," *SR* May 5]. If I understand him he objects to adjectives; he distrusts rhyme and meter; he abhors cliches, and is utterly opposed to self-expression. Does not this rule out the whole great body of poetry? As an antidote to Mr. Ciardi's harsh terms I would offer a different prescription:

1. Seek technical inspiration, not from the latest things done, but the best, no matter when or where.
2. Use adjectives as you see fit. Use the whole language.
3. Unless you wish to write your poems in prose use meter.
4. For obvious reasons, there are no "new" rhymes, but use rhyme whenever you like. Your only care needs be to make your rhymes fit well.
5. Don't worry too much about cliches. It is unkind, even cruel, to torture language, for fear of using it in a natural way.
6. The impact of the poetic missile, from sender to receiver, is multiplied many times by the disciplined compression of fixed form.
7. Nature has never made two men alike. Originality comes, it can only come, from the sincere and artistic expression of individuality.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

Chocorua, N.H.

IN AGREEMENT

CONGRATULATIONS on John Ciardi's most pertinent and also clever article on poetry. I agreed with everything in it.

EDITH W. JOHNSON.

Gladwyne, Pa.

QUANTITATIVE APPROVAL

I READ with intense interest John Ciardi's recent instructive article—and no doubt so did many thousands of others. And no doubt several hundred of them (at least) have sent or are sending him something-or-other to prove they're on his side.

JAMES BOYER MAY.

Hollywood, Calif.

NOT A GENIUS

JOHN CIARDI'S ARTICLE made me acutely uncomfortable. For about ten minutes I was almost convinced that I am not the great undiscovered genius of our time.

PATRICIA A. SMITH.

Woonsocket, R.I.

KEEN APPRECIATION

THIS IS JUST a letter of keen appreciation for your superb article on poetry. I crowed over it. Only a few years ago I had said many of the same things in a talk before the Poetry Society of Southern California. Especially about the overuse of adjectives, the need for better nouns and verbs, and the passionate addiction to sonnets. God, isn't it awful!

JEAN BURDEN.

Altadena, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Do we *have* to tear it down? Couldn't we just knock off the beard and change the inscription?"

MORE POEMS

"EVERYONE WRITES (BAD) POETRY" was fine. I was feeling pretty cocky till I came to the "lots of 'heart'." Now there John Ciardi hit me below the belt, for it seems wherever I start out I end up with "heart." But we won't be discouraged. Maybe temporarily and partially, but never permanently and completely. I'd be willing to bet Mr. Ciardi's article will bring more poetry contributions to *SR*, not less.

ELIZABETH A. DALEY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

TWO UNIVERSES FOR THE POET

IN A NOTE headed "Freud and Modern Poetry," by John Ciardi [*SR* May 5], I was interested to read that there exist but two universes in poetry today, that of the traditional moralist and that of the Freudian-symbolist. Also that "every thoughtful poet today must sooner or later decide which of these universes he inhabits." I am unable to discern where I stand in relation to these universes; my unconscious fixations and compulsions undoubtedly bear the Freudian stamp and have an influence on what and how I write, and yet my traditional morals are at times manifest in the product also. I only wish that I could stand unobtrusively in neither universe, but in my own world, observing, responding, and at times judging, but writing what I please in a style free of symbols and influence other than those best poets before me.

MARTIN COCHRAN.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ciardi quotes in reply the sentence that followed the one Mr. Cochran takes issue with: "Or perhaps, like Eliot, he may try to straddle the two."*

DISCORDANT EXAMPLE

THERE IS ONE discordant, nerve-shattering example overlooked by Ashley Montagu, in his article "The Annihilation of Privacy" [*SR* Mar. 31], which I believe to be a greater invader of privacy and which each of us can personally remedy. The tonal quality of the human voice. Characteristic of the age in which we now live are the blatancy, the degree of shrillness to which the voice is raised, and the utterly unnecessary and irritating experience of listening to someone trying to speak above a background of loud radio and phonograph. If you are not already aware of this just listen and you will hear the cacophony of the human voice, symbol of individualism clamoring for audience—understandable, nevertheless uncontrolled.

MARTHA-ANNE ALBRO.

Chevy Chase, Md.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East India and West Bronx

RUDYARD KIPLING'S rueful observation on the incompatibility of East and West is given lengthy reconsideration in the new M-G-M film version of John Masters's "**Bhowani Junction**," then rejected. Indeed, in preparing their screenplay Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat were unwilling to accept either Kipling's or Masters's conclusion—but then they probably knew that Ava Gardner was going to play Victoria Jones, Masters's beautiful half-caste heroine, and reasoned that no officer in his right mind, no matter how British, would pass up Ava for Sandhurst. The promised nuptials, however, serve merely to put a conventional ending on an otherwise highly unconventional and engrossing story. Its scene is India in 1947, at the time the British were pulling up stakes in preparation for Indian home rule. Its problem is the position of the part-Indian, part-British half-castes whom they leave behind, men and women whose loyalties are divided between their native land and the British. Clearly their dilemma is not one that can be solved by a marriage ceremony.

But if the film ends on a curiously anticlimactic note, it is primarily because there is so much substance and reality to what has gone before. Shot in Pakistan, "Bhowani Junction" fills the CinemaScope screen with the color and tumult of Indian life, its tangle of religions, political factions, and conflicting ideologies. All are united in their opposition to British rule, their desire to get the British troops out of their country. But after that unity breaks down into sharp rivalries between the national parties, with the Communists trying to turn passive resistance into bloody strikes. Never before have the problems faced by Gandhi and Nehru been brought so sharply alive upon the screen, nor a national crisis meshed so closely in the development of a romantic story. For the core of the film is the romantic choice that Victoria must make between a gentle, religious Sikh (Francis Matthews), a hot-tempered Anglo-Indian (Bill Travers), and the stalwart British colonel supervising the evacuation of troops from Bhowani Junction (Stewart Granger).

The director of this swirling, crowded picture is, surprisingly enough, George Cukor. Cukor has more often been associated with Judy Holliday or Katharine Hepburn comedies than large-scale adventure and action films. And yet in this picture he not only keeps the vast CinemaScope screen constantly alive and interesting but also achieves a rare degree of intimacy upon it. Perceiving that the effectiveness of his story rested on the believability of his characters, he created them as people, not symbols, through the strong characterizations he drew from every member of his cast.

At the same time the scenes of riot and terror in the city, the holocaust of the train wreck, even the melodramatic chase at the climax have a fluency and power hitherto unsuspected in his work. For Cukor "Bhowani Junction" is a personal triumph—a triumph marred only by a certain slickness of script that thins down to improbable heroics and sentimental *clichés* for the film's finale.

* * *

The Bronx is the scene of "**The Catered Affair**" (M-G-M), just as it had been for Paddy Chayefsky's earlier filmed teleplay "Marty." But "The Catered Affair" is no "Marty," and the reason is not hard to find. Where "Marty" used Chayefsky's remarkable gift for ordinary speech in a tragicomedy of universal significance "The Catered Affair" is centered upon a very special case, a mother's proud insistence on giving her daughter a formal wedding breakfast she can't afford and which the girl doesn't really want. There are broader implications—the mother's pathetic efforts to get closer to her daughter, her attempt to compensate for a loveless marriage, her pitiful need to keep up appearances at all costs. But these are subthemes, merely touched on and blunted in the feverish planning of the wedding party.

And it soon grows clear that when highly naturalistic talk is combined with naturalistic settings and drably commonplace incident the result is flat and vaguely depressing. The humdrum lives of the Hurleys afford no moment of illumination, and the pleasure of recognition is marred by the fact that what we recognize is simply the tired, plaintive wrangling of money-strapped members of the lower middle-class. Efforts have been made to laugh it up, introducing numerous scenes with Barry Fitzgerald as a cantankerous but lovable old codger who shares the Hurley flat,

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"BHOWANI JUNCTION"
Starring
AVA GARDNER
STEWART GRANGER
with
BILL TRAVERS
ABRAHAM SOFAER
SCREEN PLAY BY
SONYA LEVIEN • IVAN MOFFAT
Directed by
GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by
PANDRO S. BERMAN
An M-G-M Picture
in Cinemascope and Color

ON THE
GREAT STAGE
"METROPOLIS"
Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble... Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!" ATKINSON, Times
REX HARRISON · JULIE ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY • CATHLEEN NESBITT
ROBERT COOTE
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

M-G-M presents THE LOVE STORY OF
Gaby
IN COLOR AND CINEMASCOPE
starring
Leslie Caron · John Kerr
Trans-Lux 52nd at Lexington
PL. 3-2434

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Almost 2000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free illustrated brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book".
EXPOSITION PRESS | Dept. SR-36
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
IN CALIFORNIA: 9172 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 46

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a semi-satiric sequence in which the price of the wedding breakfast mounts dizzily as the caterer brings item after costly item to the mother's dazed attention, a sharply-written scene in which Mrs. Hurley fights off her gossipy neighbors at the grocery store. But whatever merits the film has stem from the performances of Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine, and Debbie Reynolds as the hard-pressed Hurleys; and from the set designers who have reproduced the clutter of a Bronx flat with striking verisimilitude. For the rest, it is as claustrophobic as a TV production, and as edifying as an argument in the next apartment.

* * *

In **"Nineteen Eighty-four"** (Columbia), the film version of George Orwell's grimly plausible preview of a totalitarian world to come, a British company has achieved the extraordinary feat of holding close to the story and theme of the original without once suggesting its scathing irony or intense moral indignation. Orwell wrote his book as a warning; Michael Anderson directs it as an accomplished fact, playing it on a note of resignation and despair that leaves the spectator without the slightest hope for the salvation of man and the human spirit. Significantly, all mention of the "proles," Orwell's symbol of a continuing life force, has been eliminated. Similarly, the love scenes, which Orwell had made the ultimate gesture of defiance in a conformist world, here have a listless, tentative quality, an absence of passion that makes their interruption by the "thought police" almost a relief. On the other hand, the creatures and creations of the police state are detailed with considerable relish. Anderson has created "two-minute hate sessions" that are frightening to behold, while O'Connor, the member of the Inner Party, is the only character drawn with any force or dimension. Perhaps this is due, at least in part, to the casting of Michael Redgrave in the role. Arrogant, assured, compassionate but aloof, he makes the cynical thrall of Big Brotherhood monstrously real. Compared to him Edmond O'Brien and Jan Sterling, miscast as the Winston and Julia of this film, emerge as little more than puppets, pathetic creatures doomed before they begin. Certainly the events of the past ten years have added many a sad confirmation to Orwell's prophetic words. But the makers of this film, paralyzed by the force of his prophecy, have glumly portrayed as inevitable the fateful course of history that Orwell had outlined in his efforts to keep it from ever coming to pass.

—Arthur Knight.

TV AND RADIO

The Great Gertrude

THE FIRST time I saw Mrs. Gertrude Berg in television was so long ago that you had to lift the lid of your receiver, exposing a mirror, which then reflected the image on the tube. The program was a grab-bag of bits and pieces of radio programs, put on by NBC to demonstrate, I believe, to sponsors what their shows would look like in the new medium. None of the half-dozen people watching the show expected too much; none of us, I am sure, expected the sudden excitement when an excerpt from "The Rise of the Goldbergs" came on—and every one of us knew that this was *it*! This was television and nothing else.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Berg re-created the miracle when she appeared in "Paris and Mrs. Perlman," an unpretentious, flawed, but essentially agreeable play by John Vlahos. Again I felt that her sure instinct had guided her so that she was acting in television—which is almost the opposite of acting for the television cameras. It would be more accurate to say she was playing a part and that her way of playing resembled stage and movie acting in some particulars, but was in essence something else.

And by being so remarkably right Mrs. Berg provided an insight into something more than the little play she gave so much life to. It was, in a way, the same story-obsession of Henry James which he finally brought to perfection in "The Ambassadors": the innocent American about to be seduced by the fortune-hunting European, with the family from back home rushing to the rescue. But innocence here was a middle-aged Jewish widow from Squirrel Hill, Pittsburgh, and the Frenchman, though impoverished, wasn't entirely, wasn't even essentially out for her money, since he was moved by a great affection for her.

It had to be exactly right because the characters were so superficial—and this is what I caught when I saw the play, that a vast number of TV dramas are charades, series of gestures and movements out of which we are to guess a meaning. Mr. Vlahos's dialogue is better than most, and the part of Sophie was obviously written or rewritten to be right for Mrs. Berg. But there is a nephew who exists only to alert the folks at home to Sophie's danger and an old suitor who extols the life of Squirrel Hill and (to show its superiority to Paris) comes triumphantly in to Sophie, who is leaving champagne behind, cackling "Ginger ale!" These are not people and, in a sense, they aren't meant to be.

"PARIS and Mrs. Perlman" can be called a comedy of manners because it is the manners of her French suitor that captivate Sophie and once, in a transatlantic phone call, to explain herself to her sister, she reveals herself to us. "How many times," she says, "have we talked about how nice it would be for a man to open a door once in a while—push up a chair—bring home a flower? . . . Not the world on a platter. Just open a door once in a while. (*With intense fervency.*) Well, this man opens doors . . . He listens to you when you talk. . . ." Mrs. Berg barely let the overtone in "this man opens doors" come across to us. By that time the pleasant woman we had seen leaving New York harbor had become radiant, absorbing warmth and giving out light, growing from moment to moment before our eyes.

It is Mrs. Berg's instinct for drama which prevents her from going wrong. She never plays to us and never to the camera. She plays to and with the other people in the dramatic situation and by doing this she makes them play to her. There have been some notable performances on the TV screen in the past few years, most of them by stage-players doing stage-acting. Mrs. Berg began in radio, creating characters, and has never been wholly successful either on the stage or in the movies. But what made the Goldbergs so good, the tight relationship between the people at any given moment, is exactly right for television and it is exactly what most directors do not get out of their players. They constantly think of the cameras as representing the audience and therefore to be played *to*. But good acting is always character-to-character with the audience an entranced eavesdropper.

The capacity to entrance, to absorb us until we reach the point of total belief Mrs. Berg has. She is a great force in whatever she does and in this, the primary business of giving life to imagined people, she is incomparable.

—Gilbert Seldes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Beethoven in Tivoli Gardens

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

THERE may be such things as inferior musical performance in Copenhagen, but forty-eight hours spent in a variety of ways have failed to produce it. Whether it is the eleven-piece string orchestra that plays salon music superbly in the Wivex Restaurant or the forty-piece student band that presided at the opening ceremonies of the 1956 Danish Festival before the Town Hall or the Royal Orchestra which played the first concert in the paint fresh concert hall in the Tivoli Gardens, it is all purposeful, honestly pursued, and excellent of its kind.

To be sure, not much of it so far has been Danish, which may or may not be permanent. The Wivex orchestra plays the repertory of salon orchestras the world over, only better; the student band ripped off Bagley's "National Emblem" as its offering, probably because it is so good a march no one remembered an American wrote it; while the first festival concert, directed by Heinrich Hollreiser, originally of Munich and now of Vienna, was as international as Danish pastry, offering three "Rosamunde" items by Schubert (Overture, Romanza, and Entr'acte), Strauss's "Don Juan," and Beethoven's "Eroica." The ranking music-lover present was His Majesty King Frederik IX (an amateur of the baton himself), who shared the informal dress of the audience.

Inasmuch as the old Tivoli Gardens Concert Hall was a particular pride of the Danes the occupying Germans treated it in characteristic fashion—with dynamite. It is only within recent days that the new one has been finally completed, and it is a structure of which any city in the world, as well as Copenhagen, could be proud (if New York gets as successful a one in its Lincoln Square project we will be grateful). Occupying a strategic corner in the world's most varied amusement park, it has a suitable gay exterior, with more colored lights, perhaps, than would otherwise be the case. But the fan-shaped interior—thirty rows deep and some sixty seats wide—is both dignified and cheerful, with a double wall of glass doors on either side to isolate it from the carousel and ferris wheel nearby. Most of the interior is faced with blond wood, with a similar ceiling over which are arranged (for acoustical purposes) neutral panels of sound-reflecting material which can be lit as suits the occasion. (It was pale blue before the concert began, gray while it was in progress.) All the lighting is indirect. The stage is spacious, the sight lines excellent.

Thanks to skilful planning and well-calculated reflecting surfaces the acoustics could be described as a perfectionist's paradise. Clarity is dominant, either in the middle of the hall or at the very back, and the rather shallow single balcony seems to be similarly favored. In addition to a modest-sized royal box at the left side facing the stage there are seven more on each side sloping up to the balcony. These have a suggestion of the Royal Festival Hall in London, largely because they are also present to break up the sound, rather than to provide seating space. Plush and pile are equally absent, the seats being covered with a simulated leather, the floor with either a rubber or cork compound. A single criticism would be a little lack of vibrance and warmth, that indefinable factor called mellowness. Doubtless that will come with time, though it might be accelerated by some dampening materials here and there. The only such in evidence was a segment of black velvet behind the tympani and brass.

The Royal Orchestra (which plays also for the ballet and opera) impressed one with competence rather than virtuosity, in which it had, in Hollreiser, a suitable counterpart. A black-haired, bespectacled man in his early forties (apparently), he did his works in practised fashion, if with no outpouring of personality. His Schubert (in which Else Margrete Jeppersen was the able mezzo) was songful if not too supple, his Strauss according to Bavarian formula, his Beethoven academic if unexalted.

However, it is consonant with Copenhagen's many charms that perfection in performance is not pursued as an end in itself. Rather it is bracing and fresh as the breezes that blow in from the sea and make May in Denmark a time when one thinks of football games, a topcoat in the evening, and sun glasses during the day. I'd gladly come to Copenhagen again even if it had no music at all. Can a well-fed music critic say more?

FOR those with an eye to the future principal interest of a visit to Copenhagen at this time is the oppor-

NEW! The HI-FI SENSATION of the YEAR!

ENJOY fine music at its high-fidelity best . . . brilliantly played . . . flawlessly recorded. . . and interpreted as the composer intended.

This is a rare opportunity to possess exclusive **FIRST EDITION RECORDS** — first recordings of newly commissioned works by outstanding composers, played superbly by the renowned

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
Robert Whitney, Conductor

These "collector's item" recordings are made in consultation with the composer and are engineered by Columbia Masterworks technicians. Available for a limited time, *from the Society only*, they represent a priceless collection of new, exciting music . . . the finest expressions of living composers the world over.

"Splendid sound."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

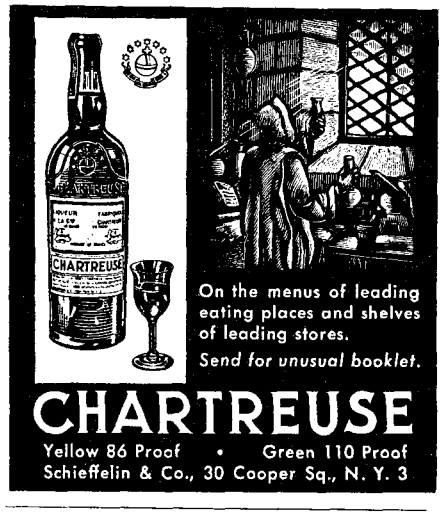
". . . a service to music unequalled."
—Christian Science Monitor

". . . the reproduction is a model of clarity."
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

". . . recording and performances, excellent."
—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

OFFER LIMITED—SEND TODAY FOR INFORMATION ON FREE TRIAL RECORDS

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
830 S. FOURTH ST., LOUISVILLE 3, KY.
Please send me free, complete information on exclusive First Edition Records and free record offer.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



On the menus of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.
Send for unusual booklet.
CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N. Y. 3

GOOD USED BOOKS
50c-$1 Thousands of librarians and bargain-wise book-buyers get their books from us at regularly fantastic savings. You can too! Lists are free; just drop us a card.
EDITIONS, Desk SR, Hempstead, N. Y.

Give to
CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM
which supports
RADIO FREE EUROPE • FREE EUROPE PRESS
address: CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM, c/o Local Postmaster

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tunity to see on its home terrain (the Royal Theatre) the Royal Danish Ballet, which will be making its American debut at the Metropolitan Opera in mid-September. The Royal Theatre (used for opera and drama as well as ballet) is a typical court theatre of the nineteenth century, smallish and with numerous balconies. However, it has a spacious orchestra pit and a genuine sense of communication between audience and performers. This was of especial benefit in the evening's most gratifying experience, a performance of "Petrouchka" with the original designs of Benois and the action preserved—so we are told—as it was instituted some thirty years ago by the great Fokine, its creator in 1912. The Danish school of ballet places special emphasis on characterization, as will be seen in such of its famous works as "La Sylphide," "Napoli," etc. One may confidently add "Petrouchka" to that grouping, for no production of it in New York, within twenty-five years anyway, preserves so much of the interrelation of music and action, especially in the crowd scenes, the little specialties scattered here and there, as well as in the puppet drama of the ballerina, the Moor, and Petrouchka. There have been various individual performances of brilliance in American "Petrouchkas" (such ballerinas as Danilova, Toumanova, and Markova, such Moors as Lichine, such a Petrouchka as Massine) but they were, in every case, individual accomplishments rather than elements of an ensemble. In this small theatre and with a closeup view of all the action one could understand how it could have been a "realistic" sensation when first seen in Paris forty-five years ago. The foregoing remarks should not be interpreted as a slight on Borge Ralov, the Petrouchka, Margrethe Schanne, who dances the ballerina, or Svend Erik Jensen, the Moor. Each is a first-rate artist in his role, and they play together with a surety and finesse that typify the long tradition represented by the Royal Danish Ballet. Niels Bjorn Larsen gave a striking suggestion of the charlatan Ceccheti. He is also an excellent mime. "Petrouchka" being a longtime specialty of this theatre, the good-sized orchestra played the score admirably under the efficient direction of Johan Hyye-Knudsen. The program, which was very well attended and enthusiastically applauded, began with the Fokine treatment of Chopin we know as "Les Sylphides" (here called "Chopiniana," doubtless to avoid confusion with "La Sylphide") and concluded with the Polovetsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor." Comment on these may be deferred for a later report. —Irving Kolodin.

Fiction

Continued from page 12

quered will be revenged, and that there is little he, the twenty-four-year-old pianist, can do about it. But there are the personal misdeeds he is forced to recall, and wherever he finds himself, whether in the train or, later, in the decaying Lvov mansion that is now a brothel, he turns the sharp thorns of his evil deeds against himself.

The episode in the brothel, when Andreas falls in love with the twenty-four-year-old musician Olina, when what could have been tawdry turns into a deeply stirring scene, reveals the author's special gifts. Essentially an impressionist, conveying the sensations of the world in the most concrete details, he also possesses a quiet intensity, a muted strength which equips each episode with an extraordinary impact. Through this brief novelette shines a sort of dark brilliance, illuminating the corroded landscape of the war and its victims. From the crumbling yellow houses in Lvov, from the crumbling existence of young Andreas, from filthy trains, from sad streets, Böll, very much like Maupassant, has distilled a special, sad melody, a marvelous immediacy which is the stamp of that rare phenomenon, the born writer.

FLAMING YOUTH IN '56: "On a Darkling Plain" (Putnam, $3.75), a first novel by Clifford Irving, follows the fortunes of a trio of youths fresh out of college as they rattle around New York in search of what youth usually searches for. Old fogies like this reviewer will be cheered to learn that things haven't changed much on and off the campus in the past couple of decades. Flaming Youth still hopes wistfully for sex "without involvement," flees the nameless horrors of middle-class respectability, and regards itself as "old and stained" at twenty-four. It would be easier to take Mr. Irving's collegians seriously if they hadn't already done so themselves. "On a Darkling Plain" includes some good writing, when it is simple, and a good deal of prose that suffers from over-adornment and self-dramatization. But the experience it sets down is honest, and the book as a whole is promising for Mr. Irving's future.

—Martin Levin.

IN THE SMOKE-FILLED ROOMS: Since this is election year, what could be more topical than a novel about Presidential primaries, nominating conventions, and the campaign? **"Presidential Year,"** by Frederick Pohl and Cyril M. Kornbluth (Ballantine Books; clothbound, $2; paperbound, 35¢), tells a light-and-easy tale of a professor of law at an Eastern university who gets called in as a speech writer for a candidate for his party's nomination. Through the experiences of the professor the reader gets a glimpse of part of the inside workings of the vast machinery it takes to get a candidate through the obstacle course to election eve.

It perhaps isn't fair to Messrs. Pohl and Kornbluth to compare their novel with Edwin O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah," but the comparison must come to mind for they both deal with domestic politics although O'Connor's book concerns a city boss. "Presidential Year" hasn't the insight of "The Last Hurrah" nor has it any character with the depth and reality of Skeffington. However, "Presidential Year" does tell more about the inside trappings of a big-time campaign than most readers will find in the newspapers. It is for the mechanics of campaigning, rather than for character or issues or conflict that the novel is interesting. "Presidential Year" will provide a pleasant evening now, or later in the cool of a shady tree on a summer afternoon. —L. L. L. Golden.

FOUL PLAY IN THE EMBASSY GARDEN: "A Capitol Offense," by Jocelyn Davey (Knopf, $3.50), introduces Professor Ambrose Usher, an offbeat sleuth whose specialty is counter-counter espionage, and who is detached from his Oxford professorship to unravel some sticky doings at the British Embassy in Washington. Before the professor can unlimber his brain the chief suspect is fatally plugged in the midst of some Guy Fawkes festivities in the Embassy garden. Usher (who favors a goatee and as many literary allusions as an abridged Bartlett) matches his deductive skills against those of the Washington police and the FBI and, naturally, comes out first. The most maddening feature of "A Capitol Offense," besides its author's fondness for retarding the action with snippets of Melville, Eliot, Croce, Frazier, etc., is the fact that the murder is solved entirely without reference to the plot. —M. L.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1157)

Edwin O'Connor:
THE LAST HURRAH

In politics, only a young man can afford to look tired. He doesn't have to prove he's young enough for the job. . . . But if a man well along in years still wants to be elected to office, he has to demonstrate that, despite the actuarial tables, he's in the prime of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faraway Places

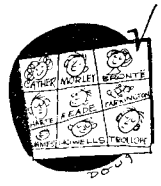
Continued from page 19

bits of homely philosophy dispensed by one John D. Gillilan, a mining engineer and cuffo artist extraordinary, who persuades the boys to abandon their plan of walking to Bangkok and join him in a scheme to mine antimony in the Cantabrian Mountains. The way matters develop the Siamese walking trip would have been less quixotic. Gillilan, a veteran of the Boxer Rebellion, the Spanish-American War, and a shipwreck with a Dutch lady, has one weakness: he habitually dissipates the profits before striking the bonanza. This peculiarity makes mining operations as chancy as bingo and leads to some very complex relations with Gillilan's various sets of backers. Wolfe and Kenney do time in the Oviedo jail, prospect for precious metals, discover how rapidly one can get betrothed in Spain, and otherwise further their education in ways that Stanford never could. Mr. Wolfe has a felicitous style that lends a buoyant freshness to his story. —MARTIN LEVIN.

A YEAR WITH THE ESKIMOS: Doug Wilkinson is a Canadian director of documentary films who got interested in Eskimo life while working for the National Film Board in the Canadian Arctic. Feeling that his country should help her Eskimos in their struggle to adjust to the twentieth-century civilization that is now reaching even beyond the Arctic Circle, Wilkinson decided to get direct knowledge of these peoples' lives by living as much like an Eskimo as possible. His book **"Land of the Long Day"** (Henry Holt, $5) tells of the year he spent in an Eskimo settlement near Pond Inlet, on Baffin Island, 2,000 miles due north of Toronto. Here he became a working member of a community of three families that was run by his friend Idlouk, a hard-driving, humorous man. Idlouk adopted Wilkinson as his "son" so that there would be no disturbance of camp routine or discipline.

The author is no Peter Freuchen or Gontrin de Poncins, and his book is no "Kabloona," but in his underplayed, straightforward manner he conveys the quality of the life of modern Eskimos who live partly off the land and the sea in the ancient way, and partly off the skins they trade to the white man for tobacco, tea, kerosene, ammunition, and flour. Wilkinson describes the seal-hunting, fishing, and traveling methods of his Eskimo hosts, and he shows how the pressure of the environment gradually shaped him into a contributing member of the group, and even gave him a taste for raw seal liver and frozen raw caribou. This is not a very dramatic book, but it is a useful record of the state of a culture in gradual transition from stone age to uranium age. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

SKIN-DIVING OFF GREAT BARRIER REEF: The main objective of the underwater expedition of author Arthur C. Clarke and his companion, Mike Wilson, during an eighteen-month skin-diving trip to the Great Barrier Reef near Australia in 1954 and 1955 was to gather material for Mr. Clarke's now-published book, **"The Coast of Coral"** (Harper, $5), which is apparently aimed to provide light reading for the fast-growing group of skin-diving and armchair underwater enthusiasts. For diving tourists contemplating a trip to the Great Barrier Reef in the near future this book will give them a good idea of what to expect. Although a bit discouraging such practical information about weather conditions, for example, will realistically prepare one for the fact that even in this tropical divers' paradise clouds, gales, and murky water can, as in the author's first session on the reefs, result in only eight days out of six weeks that are suitable for diving. But book browsers looking over the attractive jacket and introduction to this book and anticipating a new and informative story about the marine life of this fabulous region or an exciting account, *à la* Hans Hass, of some unusual underwater adventures may be disappointed. And readers who have been following the underwater adventures in some of the handsomely illustrated books by Cousteau and Dumas, Hass, and Quilici (and in the oftentimes unpolished but amusing articles in *The Skin Diver* and *Waterbug* magazines) will not find anything extraordinary in the experiences of Mr. Clarke and his companion. It is no longer surprising or unusual for a diver who spends any appreciable time exploring the underwater world to see a "pack" of barracuda, a large shark, manta, leopard ray, giant grouper, and venomous fishes. The southern coasts of the United States provide hundreds of underwater tourists on a week or week-end holiday with such thrills firsthand. Mr. Clarke might have done better to use the notes gathered from his underwater experiences in combination with his well-known talents as a science-fiction writer to produce a more entertaining book.—EUGENIE CLARK.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

YOU CAN'T TELL THE AUTHORS WITHOUT A SCORECARD

Column One below lists twenty-five fiction titles which consist solely of the first and last names of characters. You are asked to assign these titles to the correct authors, who constitute Column Two. On accomplishment of mission, consult page 33.

1. "Adam Bede"	( ) Irving Bacheller
2. "Alton Locke"	( ) Richard Doddridge Blackmore
3. "Amos Kilbright"	( ) Charlotte Brontë
4. "Ann Vickers"	( ) Willa Cather
5. "Annie Kilburn"	( ) Winston Churchill
6. "Christie Johnstone"	( ) Benjamin Disraeli
7. "Daisy Miller"	( ) Theodore Dreiser
8. "David Harum"	( ) George Eliot
9. "Eben Holden"	( ) Paul Leicester Ford
10. "Jacob Faithful"	( ) Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell
11. "Jane Eyre"	( ) Bret Harte
12. "Janice Meredith"	( ) Joseph Hergesheimer
13. "Jennie Gerhardt"	( ) Du Bose Heyward
14. "John Caldigate"	( ) William Dean Howells
15. "John Mistletoe"	( ) Henry James
16. "Linda Condon"	( ) Charles Kingsley
17. "Lorna Doone"	( ) Sinclair Lewis
18. "Lucy Gayheart"	( ) Frederick Marryat
19. "Mary Barton"	( ) George Meredith
20. "Peter Ashley"	( ) Christopher Morley
21. "Ramsey Milholland"	( ) Charles Reade
22. "Rhoda Fleming"	( ) Frank R. Stockton
23. "Richard Carvel"	( ) Booth Tarkington
24. "Sally Dows"	( ) Anthony Trollope
25. "Vivien Grey"	( ) Edward Noyes Westcott

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

We're Not Trying to Impress You

ONE NEEDN'T travel to the Louvre to see the Winged Victory of Samothrace. Nor invade the Pitti to view the masters. Nor go to Switzerland to see Lucerne, nor Versailles to visit the gardens. All of it, or reasonably exact plaster facsimiles thereof, is, as any stenographer can tell you, on view along the golden sands of golden Miami Beach.

This week, as the annual American vacation-with-pay season begins, the secretaries, the switchboard girls, the students, the stargazers, the young, salary-scrimping honeymooners will be starting the regular migrations to the foot of Florida where all the world's wonders wait for as little as $19 a summer's week. For as much as $47.50 a week they can live in the lap of luxury, paying about the same per week as the mid-winter sun-seeker paid per day just a few months before. For mid-winter's mogul and summertime's stenographer Miami Beach offers not just a hotel, but an air-conditioned temple that suggests French renaissance, Venetian renaissance, or almost anything but Statler renaissance. Today's gold-coast hotel must conjure visions of *gondolieri* poling down a canal, of periwigged princes dancing a minuet, even the afternoon's drama of a *corrida*. A room and a bath and perhaps a view of the sea are not enough. Latin inscriptions engraved in glass greet the arrivals at this year's Seville. Alpine skiers whiz down the walls of the Alpine Room while guests sip an "Alpine Peak" at this year's Lucerne. En route to the washrooms at the huge Western-style Thunderbird Motel one must search for doors marked "Squaws" or "Braves." And, having driven one's car past the spotlit replica of the Winged Victory standing on the lawn and had one's dinner in the Mona Lisa Pavilion of this year's Eden Roc, with facsimiles of the world's best paintings glaring down at the borsch, one can only conclude that one is in the Louvre with a waiter at the elbow.

The man largely responsible for decorating Miami Beach with the embellishments of the world is a fifty-three-year-old Brooklyn architect named Morris Lapidus, who got his training designing shoestores in New York between the wars. As a consulting architect he was in charge of the design of five of Miami Beach's hotels—the Sans Souci, Nautilus, Biltmore Terrace, Algiers, and di Lido. From the ground up he created the mammoth Fontainebleau and a year later the Eden Roc, which solidified the Miami Beach architectural notion that to have a hotel you have to have a theme.

Says Lapidus, who first went to Europe last August, "Simplicity is fine, but decoration is needed. When the cavemen began to decorate things they became human beings. Our modernists have left us cold. I don't want to be eclectic. I don't want to go back. But there is a soul-satisfying satisfaction in looking at an old piece of work. There is an unborn need to please, to satisfy, to gratify that primitive something within us.

"And so in the Algiers I picked up the Persian motif. I borrowed their ornament. A lot of people ask why didn't I use modern art? But the average person can't stand in front of a statue with a hole in its belly and say, 'That's beautiful'."

YOU look at people looking at a Picasso and all you see, says Lapidus, is a look of perplexity. Lapidus did try modern art in the Italian-styled di Lido, one of his earlier efforts. He placed a huge esoteric statue in the lobby and Miami Beach visitors have been registering perplexity ever since. "It was only after I saw the expressions on the faces of people looking at old art that I really understood. I shall never forget the expressions rapt in admiration that I saw in Greece last summer."

Morris Lapidus—"... decoration is needed."

Had he seen the expressions earlier the career of Morris Lapidus and the face of Miami Beach might be vastly different today. Born in Russia, he was brought here before he was a year old. At New York University he wanted to be an actor, ended up painting scenery and designing costumes for the Washington Square College Players. Shifting to Columbia and to architecture, he graduated in 1927 and began designing stores. "In those days architects never did stores. I became an extreme modernist. I think I was influenced by Mies van der Rohe." Flipping through pictures of his first jobs for Wallachs, Browning King, and Adam Hats, he said, "I used the open, glass front, the big expanse. Today you see it in a bank."

Retained by A. S. Beck, a shoestore chain, he was introduced through the head of its construction department to Ben Novack, who was then building a hotel in Miami Beach. Novack's hotel was the Sans Souci and he was building it alongside the Saxony, the most lavish beachfront-

NAMING THIS YEAR'S HOTELS

HOTEL	DINING ROOM	COFFEE SHOP	NIGHT CLUB	BAR
EDEN ROC	MONA LISA PAVILION	VILLA d'ESTE	CAFE POMPEII	HARRY'S AMERICAN BAR
SEVILLE	FIESTA ROOM	CAFE OLÉ	MATADOR ROOM	CHA CHA ROOM
LUCERNE	ALPINE ROOM	WILLIAM TELL	CLUB CHALET	SWISS LOUNGE
THUNDERBIRD MOTEL	TOTEM ROOM	BOW AND ARROW		POW-WOW ROOM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hotel experiment of the immediate postwar period. Novack's Sans Souci was trying to keep up with the Saxony, but it was paling in comparison. Novack called in Lapidus to help. Working with the local architects he restyled the exteriors and designed the interiors from scratch.

After a brief stint building for hotels in the Catskill Mountains Lapidus was called south again to doctor the ailing Nautilus, just abuilding. It became, as Lapidus recalls, an immediate success, and he became a consulting specialist. A few years later, with the Sans Souci a success, Novack gathered a syndicate and $14,000,000 and prepared to build the Fontainebleau. Once more he called for Lapidus, this time let him begin at the beginning.

LAPIDUS'S new-found appreciation for old beauty has not always been appreciated by his employers. Combing Manhattan's Third Avenue antique shops for art treasures to embellish the Fontainebleau's music room rewarded him once with a long-distance call from Novack in Florida. The treasures had arrived and Novack was burning the wires. "Morris," he shouted, "where the hell did you get all that junk? My grandmother threw that out years ago." When Lapidus put up the Winged Victory on the Eden Roc's lawn his employers registered *their* appreciation with two queries, "When are you going to finish it?" and "I spent enough money on it, so why can't I have a statue with a head?"

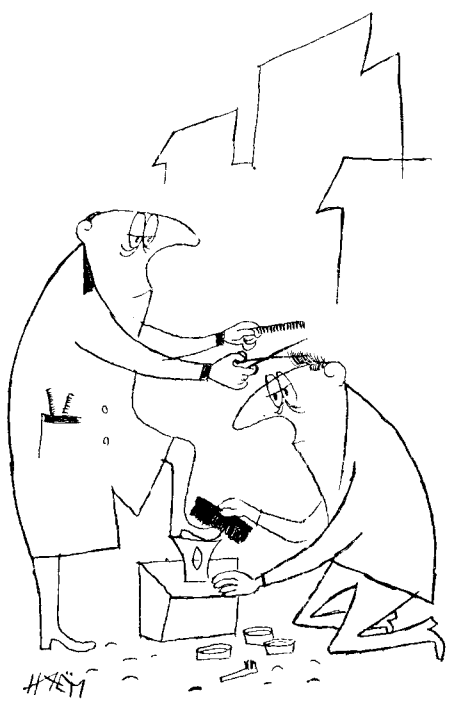
Although he is ready to mention that the mayor of Fontainebleau, France, told him the Florida namesake with its modern exterior and period interiors was a "bouillabaisse," Lapidus also agrees with Frank Lloyd Wright's comments that Miami Beach exteriors are too bad to comment on. "And yet," he reflects, "Miami Beach could have been a forerunner of fine modern architecture, because it was playful. I can see where a Corbusier or a Frank Lloyd Wright or a Saarinen could have done it, but the average architect is just an architect."

For bouillabaisse-brewer Lapidus the new project is next year's hotel, the Americana. Turning over the plans in his East Side office in Manhattan recently he said. "At last I think I have come of age. The Fontainebleau and the Eden Roc have been talked about more than any building ought to be talked about. Even in Europe people talked about the Fontainebleau with great warmth. I know my fellow architects call it corny. It is corny.

"In the Americana there is no period. I want to capture a warm emotional experience. What does Americana mean? It's not going to be Early American. I'm going to capture the hemisphere from the Yukon to the Pampas. We'll use Aztec and Mayan. Hell, that's modern abstract ornament! I'm going to borrow from history. Six panels devoted to explorers. Not De Soto—he killed too many Indians. We'll do the founders in mosaic. MacDonald of Canada, Montezuma, Washington. I'm not using a Picasso, I'm using Anton Refrigier, the muralist. The pool isn't a hole in a sea of cement. It will look as if it might occur in nature. And the ocean —we're building coves and coral reefs. The rooms will have white brick walls, straw, a little pottery. The Dominion Coffee House will have totem poles. I'm borrowing the idea from the Eskimos. There'll be a hole in the center of the lobby and it'll go right out the sky. In the hole there'll be a rain forest with tropical birds—non-flying, like flamingoes. The State Dining Room will have a little of the feeling of Mount Vernon. The Gaucho Steak House will have skull-head lighting fixtures, and at the entrance we'll have a pair of wings, North and South America rising out of a common heritage. There will be *lanai* suites instead of people stacked up, as Frank Lloyd Wright said, 'in an anthill'."

Also on the Lapidus board: a hotel and casino in the Dutch West Indies, another Miami Beach hotel on the site of the MacFadden Deauville. Theme? "No theme," says Lapidus. "We're just going to say, 'Come here and have a wonderful time, we're not here to impress you'." All it will have is an indoor ice rink, a roller rink, and an indoor, heated swimming pool.

—HORACE SUTTON.



GREEK ISLAND CRUISE
August 23-September 2
Crete, Santorin, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Delos, Tenos, Myconos, Aegina.
Distinguished Leadership
William B. Dinsmoor, Louis E. Lord
Denys Page, Gertrude Smith
James S. Constantine, Cruise Director
For full information write
BUREAU of UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

Don't YOU be an embarrassed traveler in EUROPE
Ask your bookseller for
PITKIN'S
Travel Map Sets
Sets for Europe, Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia: $3.25 to $3.95
Walter Pitkin & Company, Inc.

INTERLAKEN INN in The Berkshires. A perfectly charming resort on a large, crystal-clear lake. Golf, tennis, swimming, rainbow & lake trout fishing. Excellent food. Cocktails. May 14-Oct. 15. Your Travel Agent or write Box 406, Lakeville, Conn.

IN EUROPE AVOID T. F.*
travel the lazy way and really see the country by Percival private motorcoach. No trains to catch, taxis to hail, connections to make. Tours include transatlantic fare, hotels, meals, sightseeing. June 24, 37 days, $1090, 11 countries. Also departures July 1, 8; Aug. 5, 12; Sept. 5, 9, 12, 16; Oct. 10, 14. Avoid *tired feet—ask your travel agent for folder Europe the Lazy Way or write Dept. SR 3, Percival Tours, Inc. 171 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

OPEN ALL YEAR
Stonehenge
RIDGEFIELD, CONN.
Reservations: IDlewood 8-6511
VICTOR GILBERT "SKINKER"

Best Book Contest for 1956
$1600 Cash Awards. All Types of manuscripts invited. For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for Brochure S.
Pageant Press, 130 W. 42nd St., N.Y. 36

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lively Arts

Continued from page 14

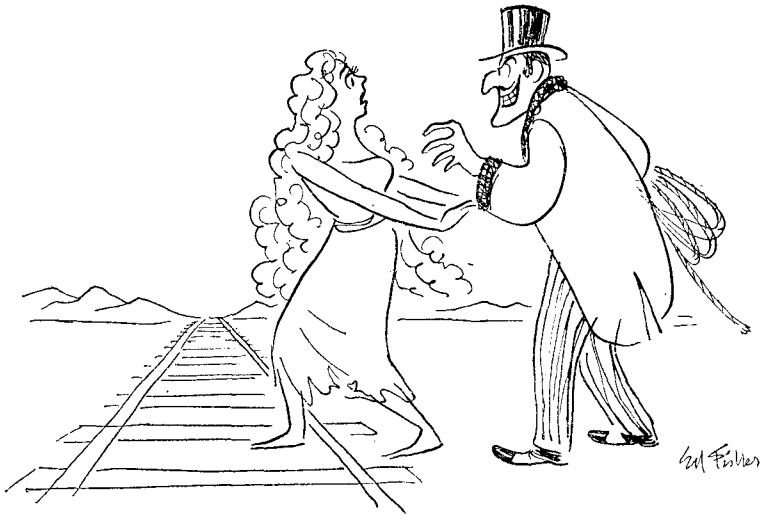
pressions of religious devotion is characteristic of Asian cultures in a way which contrasts strongly with Western attitudes. Of course there are exceptions to any generalization about Asia as a whole, and Mr. Bowers is at pains to point them out, but the great religions which have spread north and east from India have left their imprint on the dramatic arts everywhere.

A common problem which these fourteen different countries have had to face is that of Western influence. In Japan, the country where the theatre is the most developed, translations of Western plays together with entirely modern Japanese works have met with considerable success. In other countries, like Thailand and Indonesia, abortive attempts to establish a modern drama seem to have been crushed by the overwhelming popularity of more traditional forms. In China the Communist regime has encouraged the production of new plays of social realism, but it supports at the same time actors who perform in the traditional works. That not even the "feudal" nature of the old plays can interfere with their presentation today is sign enough of their vitality and of the hold they exert over most Asians. It is small wonder—the drab interiors and endless talk of the modern social drama are a poor substitute for the marvelous combination of spectacle, dance, and music which throughout Asia may be found in the traditional theatre.

As we read Mr. Bowers's descriptions of what is happening today in Asia we cannot but feel cheered. All too often we are informed, with a shake of the head or of the gray beard, that the old Asia is gone, that the splendors of the past will never return again. But, as Mr. Bowers shows, the miraculous dances of India have been revived only within the past half-century, and the enthusiasm for them is mounting despite the modernization of the country; the restless genius of the Balinese continues to create new dances of brilliance; and the Silpakorn Theatre in Bangkok is jammed every week for performances of the only recently revived Siamese classical plays. In an Asia which is steadily being changed—not to say defaced—by the inroads of modern civilization it is exciting and comforting to discover that in the theatre at least we have a living remembrance of the great past.

Each reader of "Theatre in the East" will inevitably find himself drawn to one of the countries more than to the others. My own favorite was Cambodia, where the brilliant account of the dancers and their training is climaxed by that of the music: "The music sounds like drops of water falling in elusive rhythmic irregularity, while the winding melodic line of the horn, through which the player breathes both in and out so that the sound never stops until the end of the music, floats and hovers hesitantly over the music's substance. I have often thought if summery clouds had sound it would be like Cambodian music."

The book is a delight to read through for pleasure; it is also, thanks in part to a splendidly detailed and convenient index, a book to consult for its revealing information on the esthetic principles and techniques which have made the theatre in the East one of the glories of the world.



"You're sick—neurotic!"

Stop Salvaging

Continued from page 9

lished under different conditions but perhaps in a similar category—and he must use overworked (and this is not helped any by the "second- and third-rate books" to which Mr. Mansbridge refers) and underpaid advertising agencies which are asked to do far too much for too many books for far too little to make the advertising and sales process much more than a standardized and stereotyped operation lacking too often the elements that could win new friends and new markets for books. This does not mean that in the hundreds of books so advertised and merchandised there are not the occasional books presented with great flashes of brilliance, but these books are not failures.

If books could muster the people and services necessary for telling America about the book in dramatic and exciting terms, what is it that the publisher is overlooking (and all of this is closely tied to the survival of the bookseller, that all-important man at the end of the line who must ring the cash register or all is lost)? Here are just a few things to which he has not fully adjusted:

1. That the great preponderance of books is no longer "literature." (This refers, of course, to current trade lists.) The big shift to the non-fiction book, the ascending importance of the book to report the ideas, the conflicts, the newsfronts all over the world, is made necessary by the inadequate news content of this type in newspapers. The techniques, methods, and media for presenting such books have not yet had the analysis they deserve.
2. The expanse of the United States, the diversity of the country, the regional interests and customs have not yet been fully observed in relation to bookselling as directed from the publishers' headquarters on the Eastern seaboard. At least, selling methods have not yet reflected such observation or understanding in great measure.
3. That book publishers have not helped rally interest around the local library, one of the great bulwarks to guarantee the survival of books. The methods of handling libraries are also worthy of study and development. And since the library is a promotional front for books its activities inevitably react to the benefit of the bookseller.
4. That existent channels for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communication of our culture—the Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions clubs, church groups, adult study classes, and others—have not been indoctrinated as to our great heritage in books through book luncheons and suppers.

5. Books should be presented *with special timing* to capitalize on interest in music, travel, photography, gardening, stamp collecting, and many other leisure-time hobbies, the pleasure of which can be greatly enhanced by reading.

But even if all of this were done it is my conviction that books still would not approach their great potential. I refer to the failure of our educational process with a $30,000,000,000 physical plant and an annual $14,000,000,000 operating cost.

If in our educational process the curriculum were overhauled so our youth would not go to institutions merely *to learn* but were indoctrinated from the day of matriculation that they were now engaged in a process the greatest benefit of which would be that they would *learn how to continue to learn*, book reading would have an astronomic growth in this country. If colleges and universities realized that an education now in this fast-moving age is virtually obsolete within ten years they would understand that postgraduate regional seminars for their alumni all over America would be a contribution to adult education as great in importance as the education of the undergraduate. And books would be helped further.

In a survey of U.S. reading habits, the American Institute of Public Opinion reported some sorry figures: 57 per cent of the nation's high-school graduates and 20 per cent of its college graduates have not read a single book in the past year. Asked to name the authors of twelve famous works—"Leaves of Grass," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Origin of Species," etc.—9 per cent of the college graduates could not give a single name, 39 per cent could not name more than three.

This is the very heart of our problem. If the educated will not read books why blame the publisher, the bookseller, or anybody else connected with that struggling industry. In this dilemma, Mr. Mansbridge, are enmeshed the life and future of the bookseller. I have always been his friend, and he has always been my friend. And I pledge never to give up on him.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 17, 11, 18, 23, 25, 13, 1, 12, 19, 24, 16, 20, 5, 7, 2, 4, 10, 22, 15, 6, 3, 21, 14, 8.

Books Are Hard Work

Continued from page 8

floor of the building in which he worked. It seems that a sizable proportion of the human race are genuinely scared to go inside a bookshop. They are afraid perhaps of committing some gaucherie, of doing or saying the wrong thing. Perhaps millions have, for the same reason, never entered a church or a Turkish bath or a brothel.

UNFORTUNATELY, the philosophy of "I can get it for you wholesale" seems to be most virulent wherever the printed word is concerned. In the blessed name of Education newspapers and magazine publishers send their products through the United States mails at a special rate far below the cost of carrying them. Book publishers are justifiably indignant that they have to pay more postage on a copy of the "Odyssey" than is paid on a confessions magazine of the same weight. But book publishers in turn extract a preferential rate from the magazines in which they advertise and pay less for a full-page advertisement than do the purveyors of hats and hearing aids.

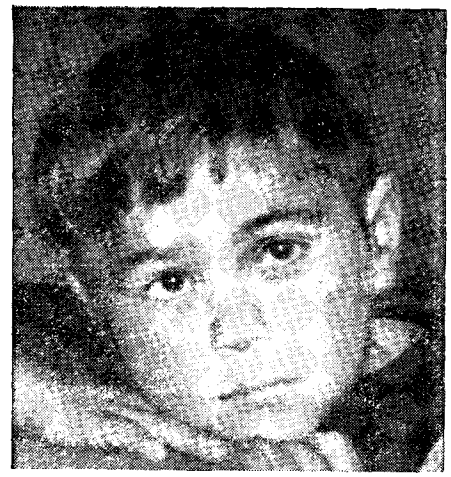
The two groups of people to whom discounts have most generally been offered in our society are ministers and teachers. This practice has its roots in our shame that these two most important professions are so shockingly underpaid. But the appeal *ad misericordiam* is hardly appropriate for doctors and engineers, and others who write to publishers asking for books at a discount. I have known men of great wealth who were indignant at being denied a discount when buying books for their own private libraries. The practice has now spread to industrial firms and business officers. Here is a verbatim copy of a letter recently received by my office from a sugar refinery:

> Dear Sirs:
> We would like to purchase some of your books for use in our library. Would it be possible to do so at wholesale prices? Please advise us.
>
> Yours very truly,

We couldn't resist the temptation, and replied:

> Dear Sirs:
> We should like to purchase some sugar for our coffee break. Would it be possible to do so at wholesale prices? Please advise us.
>
> Yours faithfully,

There are those who complain: "But books cost so much!" Do they



"My daddy wants to keep me"

Motherless little Klaus—so sad-eyed and pensive—has known much misery since his family was forced to flee East Germany with only the clothes on their backs. After months of weary wandering, they found refuge in a West German village. Then his mother died.

Klaus' father, a fine, industrious man, is recuperating from a serious operation and can only do odd jobs. There is little money, and often a shortage of food. The father is fighting valiantly to keep Klaus and to bring him up to be a good citizen. When Klaus' father recovers and resumes regular work, he can provide a better home and nourishing food. Until then, you can help keep them together, help make Klaus' future secure.

How You Can Help Klaus

You can help Klaus or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of **Save the Children Federation.** By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies—and other necessities—for "your" child in West Germany or in Finland, France, Greece or Korea. The cost is only $120 a year, just $10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

Your contribution in any amount will help. Send what you can today!

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (a partial list)
Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Thomas J. Watson.

Founded 1932

SAVE THE *children* FEDERATION

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT INTERNATIONAL CENTER
UNITED NATIONS PLAZA, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

"The hope of tomorrow is the child of today"

I would like to sponsor a child in .....
(Greece, Korea, Finland, West Germany, France, or where the need is greatest). I will pay $120 for one year, $30 per quarter, or $10 a month.

Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, 1st quarter ☐, first month ☐.

Please send me my child's name, story and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $ .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE SR-15

Contributions are deductible for income tax purposes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really? Look around you. Curtains, chairs, clothes, food—practically everything you can see has doubled in price in recent years. Books have increased in price less than almost any commodity that you can mention. A man who will cheerfully pay $10 for a dinner with drinks for two, and $13 for a pair of tickets to the theatre for himself and his wife, should not begrudge $6 for a biography that will give them both entertainment for several evenings and will still be there to be lent or re-read in years to come. A woman who pays $15 for a pair of shoes made of leather that will be worn out in two years should expect to pay a similar amount for a book made of leather that will last her lifetime, and which incidentally contains 750,000 words.

I AM constantly amazed at the people who write to publishers asking to be put on special mailing lists. One wrote to my office recently, "Being particularly interested in all sorts of dictionaries I shall appreciate it if you will place me on your mailing list for forthcoming books of this kind." Did this gentleman write, I wonder, to Longmans and Crowell and Oxford and Putnam and half a hundred others who publish dictionaries? Should all these publishers keep his name (with changes of address from time to time) and every five years or so send him a notice of some new dictionary? Surely this is ridiculous; surely there would be some sense, on the other hand, in one bookseller having the name of this avid buyer of dictionaries. Similarly of the man who wrote, "I am especially interested in anthologies of Spanish poetry." But examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

I suggest that publishers on the one hand and the public on the other should consider whether, in their own self interest, they want booksellers to continue in being. Nothing could be more futile or a greater affront to the bookseller than an appeal to support him for his sake. It is ourselves that we should consider.

Nowhere, it seems to me, is there a greater need for a good, well-stocked, flourishing bookshop than on a college campus. When I was in college I spent more hours in bookstores than I did in the university library, and I still have some of the books I bought then. Today in this country we have 1,600 colleges, but not more than one of them in ten has an adequate bookshop. How can we expect an adequate bookshop to be maintained and to carry a decent supply of serious books if it is neglected by most of the faculty because the faculty writes to publishers to get books at a discount?

Does this matter at all? Are our students losing anything? Would it matter to us, as members of the public, if bookshops were eliminated entirely? I maintain that it would. I maintain that if we drive the bookseller out of business, or if we compel him to turn to gadgets and greeting cards, if we go to him only for sensational novels and for catchpenny trash, we shall make it harder for any good and serious work to be published, and all our lives will be the poorer.

What She Did in the Morning, I Wouldn't Know, She Was Seated There in the Midst of Her Resilient Symptoms, Always

By Merrill Moore

THEY were like sofa-cushions.
She was constantly re-arranging them
To form new patterns and support her frame.

Her attention was mainly directed towards herself
And some of it, a small part, I would say,
Was aimed at trying to bend others that way,
But few responded, few fulfilled her wish;
She was simply not their kind of dish,
So, she remained, unmarried and complaining.

She had a bird, a series of small pets—
A dog, a cat—but none of them ever thrived.
They were, in fact, unusually short-lived.
It almost seemed as if her infection spread.
I was always hearing one of them was dead.

Johnny's Parents

Continued from page 7

row, and mine was the last. As I walked down the middle I ran my own little survey: fourteen chairs were discussing the $64,000 giveaway program of the night before, two were discussing spring baseball prospects, three a local boxing affair of the night before. Of course, a barber shop is a good place for man-talk. I do not suggest that those nineteen customers and the nineteen barbers had not read a book in the last year; they probably had. But I am quite sure that they would be ashamed to admit it. This, too, is symptomatic of our culture. In a poll conducted by *Fortune*-RIA two years ago among 15,000 top executives one was quoted as saying, "I once had to bawl out one of my people for reading so much science and drama. I told him, 'We're not playwrights, we're in business'." Another said flatly, "Reading doesn't count in our company."

We will not see the tree for the saplings. To presume that public education under public control will conspire with Johnny to reverse the American trend to illiteracy is nonsense. We are asking the next generation to exhibit a virtue of mind which we ourselves have debased through indifference and disuse.

The busy business man and the harried housewife forever complain that they have little time for reading and what reading they do must be of the relaxing or "escape" nature. I believe if we as adults actually went at the job of serious reading, stayed with it through its painful period, we might even find that it was not only enjoyable but stimulating, and a truly re-creative form of leisure. Rather than abusing our minds with light literature, we would find that serious reading can add greatly to our internal dimensions of freedom.

When his parents learn to read Johnny will learn. When his parents read Johnny will read; at least he will be shorn of his present subconscious alibi that he is only honoring his mother and father that his days may be long in the land. When our adult intellectual fare improves the schools and textbook publishers will stop producing unimaginative dross, which fails to get the attention of Johnny and fails to hold the attention of his teacher. It may be the indignant hope of today's adults, who have created a child-centered society, that it will be the little child who will lead them out of the cave of shadows. This, I submit, is the ultimate in adult irresponsibility.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH IN THE WIND *Edwin Lanham* (Harcourt: $3)	Newshawk's divorced wife's body turns up as hurricane lashes Conn. shore; adopted refugee lad distraught; cops say murder.	Personnel neatly authentic; suspense well built up; professional job throughout, with taut dénouement.	Nicely handled.
THE BLONDE CRIED MURDER *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Florida badger game brings Mike Shayne into action for 28th time; male body vanishes, reappears; so does living lady's.	Teeth grit, angers frustrate as red-headed eye solves case in two hours plus; secretary miffed, mauled.	Fast formula job.
A QUESTION OF QUEENS *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Graduate fellow in provincial English university takes on biographical assignment; tombs intervene, gals too.	Yank gent present (he says "guess") as family ghosts walk; sprightly and gay, with some windy moments.	Neat academic hijinks.
THE BEAUTY QUEEN KILLER *John Creasey* (Harper: $2.75)	Miss Britain contest palls as candidates succumb in carload lots; ace Yardmen at odds as bullets fly, poison oozes.	Insp. West's tots again imperiled; lovesick admen a problem; abundance of motives plagues mobile investigators.	Preposterous but effective.
NIGHT BOAT TO PARIS *Richard Jessup* (Dell: 25¢)	British ex-con. takes over top spy chore, recruits German, Yank, Italians with nothing to lose, much to win.	London, Marseilles, and way stations figure in tense and lively campaign to snag strategic film	Action plus.
DEATH KEEPS A SECRET *Clarence Budington Kelland* (Harper: $2.75)	Misogynous Ph.D., on mission to New Mexico rocket lab., collides with bad men, electronic women.	G-2, FBI both in on this one, but hero is at wicket when gunplay starts; love finds a way.	On the ball.
INSP. MAIGRET AND THE BURGLAR'S WIFE *Georges Simenon* (Crime Club: $2.75)	French Sûreté biggie gets suburban Paris murder tip from crook's gal; dentist and mother grilled, Seine dragged.	Weather bad, as usual (hot this time), but cops toil to good purpose; one of author's better performances.	Nice cat-and-mouse job.
A FEARFUL WAY TO DIE *Jeannette Covert Nolan* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	Midwest philanthropist perishes; Lace White, female honorary police lieut., brings culprit home.	Sgt. Dudine, regular cop, also effective; tycoon's kinfolk on oddish side; motion medium to brisk.	East Lynneish.
MURDER MAKES A DATE *Neill Graham* (Roy: $2.50)	Solo Malcolm, London shamus, resentful as rejected client is knifed; tough Yarders ask questions; blonde chick puts up dough.	Much ale, steak-and-kidney pie consumed; cops outsized and likable; leading lady stylized; much Thames-side slang.	Rolls right along.
COP HATER *Ed McBain* (Permabooks: 25¢)	Big-town detectives bite dust; survivors beat streets to flush killer.	Excellent documentary, with good characterization; woman problem present.	A-1.
THE LENIENT BEAST *Fredric Brown* (Dutton: $2.75)	Tucson resident reports body in back yard; cops, curious about informant, take it from there.	See-all technique effective in spots; screwball angle disappoints; cops good, women mixed.	Averages out.
THE RIPPER *Maurice Procter* (Harper: $2.75)	Yorkshire café society jounced as mfr.'s wife is knifed; second death follows; locals and Yard team nicely.	Civilians largely stockish, but cops are tops; Q&A treatment highly effective; pace fast to hot.	Top-flight.
THE WITNESSES (and) THE WATCHMAKER *Georges Simenon* (Doubleday: $3.95)	Another twosome, one laid in provincial France, second in rural New York; psychological angle stressed in both.	French court procedure slight hindrance in opener; handling effective, as always.	See comment at left.
WANTED FOR MURDER *Nancy Rutledge* (Random: $2.75)	Midwest vaudeviller turns impromptu missing heir as old lady seeks long-unseen nephew; three die.	Impersonation and coincidence essential factors in intricate plot; women of all ages involved.	Situation job.
ALPHONSE BERTILLON *Henry T. F. Rhodes* (Abelard-Schuman: $3.75)	First biography in English, by English expert, of "father of scientific detection" (1853-1914).	Thorough, scholarly, highly readable treatise has good case histories (including Dreyfus).	High-class job.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Graduation Gift... Summa Cum Laude!

There's no commencement gift more welcome, more important than a year's subscription to SATURDAY REVIEW. The young men and women you send it to will remember your thoughtful and flattering gift long after graduation ceremonies and most other graduation gifts are forgotten.

So use the coupon below to send The SATURDAY REVIEW to *all* the June graduates you know—high school as well as college.

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street • New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter one year gift subscriptions to SATURDAY REVIEW for the persons listed below at $7 each . . . a saving of $3.40 under the single copy price.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....
Gift card to read from .....

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....
Gift card to read from .....

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....
Gift card to read from .....

MY NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....ZONE....STATE....

☐ Enter a one year subscription in my name
☐ Extend my subscription for one year.
☐ I enclose $..... ☐ Bill me later

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet S-F

Continued from page 21

saw that the bone had two round bulging hoops cut in the wall.

The roar that escaped Davidov's barrellike chest chilled the blood of everybody around him.

"It's a skull, a skull!" Davidov yelled, digging furiously . . .

And then later:

The two scientists seated themselves, lighted cigarettes, and with one accord fixed their eyes on the star-man skull.

It was quiet in the room for a long time.

Davidov gazed at the bulging forehead with the tiny cavities behind which, ages ago, worked a large human brain. What were the feelings and the knowledge that filled it? What memories did it preserve of its owner's native planet? Was the feeling of nostalgia known to him? The thirst for eternal truths? The sense of beauty? What was the sex of this visitor from a stellar ship who had remained on a strange planet forever? What were human relations like in their world? What was their social order? Did they rise to the highest social order of all; was their planet one great working family, free of oppression and exploitation, knowing nought of barbaric and senseless wars which drained mankind's strength and wasted the planet of its sources of energy?

"Ship from the Stars" ends with lines that are as significant as any in indicating the "realism" and the sermonizing of this new Soviet genre:

Mankind is powerless to perform the supreme exploit of bridging the formidable interstellar gulfs, of taming the murderous forces of the cosmos which threaten all living matter that dares foresake this planet . . . Shatrov and Davidov tried hard to believe that a meeting between the planetary islets of the universe would soon take place. But their minds laid down the verdict that millennia of creative thinking were required before we could fling out the borders of our world.

Our first task is to unite the peoples of our own world into one great family, to do away with inequality, oppression, and racial prejudice—to do all that, and then to work confidently for the unification of the many outer worlds.

To which, of course, "Amen." If we may add the second task, the necessity even in the brave new world of telling a good story well.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

FREE TRIAL—Complete language course for home study by Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. At home, easily, quickly learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Japanese, Russian, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages. It's like living in another land. Send for FREE Book and Details of Free Trial. No obligation. Try, don't buy! Linguaphone Institute, T-26-066 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.

HOBBIES

POST CARD COLLECTORS want rare, valuable Americana and foreign. Learn all. COLLECTORS, illustrated monthly, $2 year. Copy 25¢. Box 432-R, Glendale, California.

BOOKS

BARTER BUREAU. Send titles offered and wanted enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. Fileco, 1456 Jones, San Francisco 9.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—All Subjects. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL's BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR ORIENT-BOUND TRAVELERS: Japan, Official Guide, $6.50; India, Guide, $3; Hongkong, $2; We Japanese (Manners, Customs), $6. Tax 3%; Postage 15¢ each. EAST-WEST SHOP, 132 East 61, NYC 21.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

THE BOOKFINDER—*Still your best source for new* and out-of-print books. Box 204, GPO, NYC 1.

ANY AVAILABLE BOOK LOCATED, Webb Book Service, 200 East Walter Road, South Bend 14, Indiana.

HARD-TO-FIND Books located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

DELLA MONTGOMERY, 720 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 911, Chicago 11, Ill. WILL FIND THE OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK YOU WANT.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOKMART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books—complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

JOHN FRIEND—BOOKFINDER. Any book, any subject, obtained for you promptly. Foreign Books, too! Box 197SR, Cardiff, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! Fast Service. Try us—no obligation. International Bookfinders, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS READY FOR COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING but who can't decide which Press to select or what royalty scale (20%, 40%, or the full 100%) they are entitled to, we are specialists in this field and qualified to offer authoritative advice. We guarantee saving hundreds of dollars in publishing costs, getting best royalty terms and sales campaigns. For information write WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC 17.

NEW NOVELS, TV SCRIPTS, plays, original material, wanted for publishing and production. Writers seeking representation wanted. ALBERT BLACK ASSOCIATES, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch, PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

SEEING EYE FOR WRITERS. Former editorial associate large New York publishing house will guide promising talent. Personal interest, no machine-shop. Reasonable rates, selling help. No fee short material unless I offer aid. Box Z-227.

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED, TYPED. Experienced medical papers. Miriam Thackston, 427 East 85 St., NYC. BUtterfield 8-1068.

PUBLISHING your book or booklets? Free folder outlines our low cost production-distribution service (author-ownership, 70% royalty). William-Frederick Press, 313 West 35 St., NYC 1.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16. Foreign Office: Via Archimede 97, Rome, Italy.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! Literary agents 35 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

TELEVISION WRITERS, expert representation by TV specialist. Terms: Robert Finnell Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays. MSS. delivery all publishers. Editing, ghostwriting, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

WE ARE NOW ACCEPTING theatre and television plays. Write for terms. Burton & Farnham, play brokers, 342 Madison Ave., NYC 17.

HELP WITH MEDICAL MANUSCRIPTS, speeches. Physician-editor, Murray Hill district, New York. Box Y-984.

PROFESSIONAL TYPIST seeks manuscripts to complete while vacationing. Special rate. ORegon 5-0695 (NYC).

MUSIC—composed, arranged, recorded. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering) $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue R66, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

CHADWICK RECORD CLUB offers huge savings on all brands of long playing records and accessories. Write for information and free catalogue. CHADWICK RECORD CORPORATION, 1123 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PERSONALS

FOR FATHER'S DAY and every day men want cool comfort. Fine men's English all wool TROPICAL SLACKS, slim line model with back strap in Cambridge grey, oxford, or brown, sizes 28 to 42. Shipped uncuffed, $17.50. THE ALUMNI SHOP, 18 Vesey St., NYC 7. WOrth 2-9985.

EXPERIENCED EXECUTIVE SECRETARY for girls' boarding school near Hartford. To head alumnae and public relations office. Letter writing, typing essential. Salary includes maintenance in modern faculty residence, 5-day week, one month's vacation, retirement program. State experience, salary expected. Box Z-293.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

WANTED—BOARDERS! To enjoy country life in modernized old brick, hilltop home. Gardens. Mansfield Farm, Londonderry, Vermont.

PIANIST, skillful, intelligent, musical. Needed for classic ballet and contemporary dance studio. Ohio. September to June. Excellent opportunity for composer. Box Z-216.

BREAD LOAF, The Writers' Conference from which all others sprang, meets August 15 to 29 on Vermont's most beautiful mountain. For information: Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury, Vermont.

ABACUS PRINCIPLES ARE USED IN ELECTRONIC COMPUTERS. In competitive trials the ancient abacus was faster than modern calculator. Helps teach fundamentals. Useful in home, school, and office. Chinese abacus (from Hongkong), 5" x 7½", 9 columns, well constructed of beautiful hardwood, reinforced with metal. Instruction book included tells how to add, subtract, multiply, divide and extract square root. Satisfaction guaranteed. No C.O.D.'s. $3 postpaid. N. Berman, Box Z-283.

BOAT/MOTOR, 1953. Excellent condition, sacrifice. Price includes membership Westchester Yacht Club. Box Z-284.

YOUNG LADY, B.S., attractive energetic, desires position summer, longer. Types, tutors, writes, sings, artistic. Expert horsemanship instructor. Prefer abroad. Box Z-285.

WRITERS, PAINTERS: Room-Board Maine Island summer home, $45. Box Z-287.

YOUNG WRITER seeks same find/share summer place. Box Z-288.

HUNGRY ACTOR—DIRECTOR, educated, between assignments, seeks remunerative part-time endeavor. Box Z-262.

FASCINATING NEW FOLK ARTS—West German, Japan, Denmark. Potluck, 10¢ to $10, guaranteed. Free list. PACIFIC NEW ENGLAND, INC., Box 1152, Studio City, California.

FOR BACHELORESS, weekend retreat, near New York, reasonable, swimming, nice people. Box Z-272.

WANT A 3-6 MONTH TRIP TO CUBA, etc., via 28' x 13' cabin cruiser? Send biography plus what you'll contribute. Bachelor, 43, public relations, management, engineer. Box Z-297.

PERSONALS

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to purchase well-established Continental-type coffee house in fashionable Rittenhouse Square area, Philadelphia, due to owners' illness. Also ideal for restaurant. $8,500. The Gilded Cage, 261 So. 21st Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy, $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

FURNISHED ROOM for one or two persons, private house. Hour from Columbia University, and 10 degrees cooler. Reasonable. Box Z-261.

TROUBLED? WORRIED? Read QUEST OF CERTAINTY—informative, interesting. Price $2.50. Box 119, Long Beach, N. Y.

STIEGLITZ CAMERA WORK WANTED, #38-41, 44, 45, 47, 48. Complete and in good condition, quote price. Box Z-294.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE, both resident M.D.'s, desire one year sublet three room furnished apartment, Manhattan, starting July 1. Box Z-259.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

OFFICE FURNITURE shipped direct, substantial savings. Free catalogues. Send wants. Box Z-256.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

OWNER SELLING direct fine Monet painting: No commissions. Box Y-876.

HAVE YOU A SON OR DAUGHTER with creative talents who would thrive in small friendly college? Two-year degree programs in liberal arts, creative arts, secretarial studies. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY at home in spare time taking magazine renewal subscriptions. No capital or experience necessary. All supplies furnished. Write today! McGregor Magazine Agency, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

23rd WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains. July 23-August 10. Workshop leaders: Philip Wylie, May Sarton, Walter S. Campbell, Warren Beck, Phyllis Whitney, Harry Muheim. Write Don Saunders, University of Colorado, Boulder.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND INSTITUTE, July—August: Authentic Elizabethan production of Shakespeare repertory; Stanford University course on plays, Tudor arts seminars, workshop in Elizabethan staging; concerts, activities. Address "SHAKESPEARE," Ashland, Oregon.

RARE THEATRE PROGRAMS. $2 up. Perfect, authentic. American-English. Inquiries answered. New illustrated catalogue FREE. Old Programs, Box 528, Newtonville, Mass.

WHETHER fishing for ideas or lake bass, write "Boniview," Lake Penage, Whitefish, Ontario, Canada for your free copy of Howard Lian Edsall's "BORROW & PROSPER," and make a vacation in this writers' and fishermen's island paradise a dream come true ($6.50 per day).

VERMONT WRITERS CONFERENCE offers real help to serious writers. August 19-31. Catalogue. Putney, Vermont.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

UNATTACHED YOUNG MAN, 29, desires summer job as secretary-companion, or tutor. Harvard degree, two languages; widely traveled Europe. Available June 15th. Box Z-295.

PERSONALS

GOING TO LONDON for two years. What can we do for you there? Box Z-282.

TRANQUILITY FOR REST, CREATIVE ENDEAVOR. Comfortable, inexpensive, excellent meals, inspiring location. Brochure: LOS MOLINOS, Apartado 66, Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico.

YOUNG MAN, 2 years college, foreign background, 23, seeks interesting summer employment anywhere. Box Z-299.

SEEK MATURE, imaginative feminine viewpoint on "either, or" situation to complete final scenes of novel. I'm stuck! Box Z-307.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CREATIVE WRITING: A unique departure in writing instruction. PLAYWRITING—Lister Sinclair. FICTION—James B. Hall. POETRY—Melvin Walker La Follette. July 3-August 17. University credit optional. Brochure: Write Department of University Extension, University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8, Canada.

WANT TO PLEASE YOUR SPOUSE? Stationery or playing cards with sketch of your own house would do it. Ask TIFFT, 286 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

CREATIVE-MINDED, attractive young man seeks secretary-companion position. Background in psychology, library science, writing, physical culture. Fond of Whitman, Lawrence, Crane; Van Gogh. Z-300.

IS THERE ATTRACTIVE FURNISHED APARTMENT AVAILABLE, visiting professor, wife, vicinity Washington Square, September to June? Box Z-302.

MEXICO CITY, driving from NYC mid-June, male collegian, 25, seeks rider, share expenses. Box Z-298.

BEAUTIFUL HAMMOCKS for summer reading. Handwoven by Ucatecan craftsmen of English mercerized cotton. $36.50 postpaid. Far Corners, Ltd., 1298¼ Prospect, La Jolla, California.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED for 35 year old engineer and two young boys, Southern Pennsylvania. Box Z-306.

GENTLEMAN seeks companion to share driving touring Canada July. Box Z-313.

WIDOW past middle-age seeks summer position, companion light duties. Expenses only. Box Z-301.

MOVING WEST—selling three speed Webster record changer with table model "Pilot" short-wave radio. Lady's suit with three-quarter fur lined coat, size 20, three-quarter fur lined coat, size 10. Green storm coat, size 20. All excellent condition. Phone evenings SUsquehanna 7-3719. (NYC)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

BREWSTER, N. Y., Scenic estate, modern apartments. $78 including utilities. Box Z-274.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

DEER ISLE, MAINE. Attractive, sturdy summer cottage, owner-built. 3 bedrooms, bath, 2 acres wooded shore. Box Y-965.

BEAUTIFUL COLONIAL HOME, rare panelling, 5 fireplaces, 12 rooms, 3 baths, studio, oil heat. ENCHANTING THEATRE attached. Meadows, woods, brook. Write Meadow Hearth, Concord, N. H.

HERMIT? BACHELOR? Want rural seclusion? House built '48. 5.5 acres. One small bedroom, kitchen, bath, large living room, fireplace, oil heat, garage. Excellent condition. Terraces, views, 3 miles parkway. $15,000 cash. Phone Clinton Corners 5117. F. R. Long, Staatsburg, N. Y.

MAINE ISLAND HOUSE close to Bar Harbor and McKinley—with daily ferry service. 6 rooms well furnished, electricity, 2 fireplaces, private beach. Seclusion on 23 acres but accessible to stores. Ideal for writer or artist. Price reasonable. Box Z-289.

BACHELOR'S one bedroom house, furnished, country setting, 3 acres, $17,000. L. Belmont, Pound Ridge, New York. BEdford 4-3890.

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 37)

COLONIAL COTTAGE, 7 room, recently completely renovated, one hour from George Washington Bridge, rural district. Stream 100 feet in width around property; suitable for weekends in country or retired executive. Elsie M. Melrose, Realtor, phone Cornwall 3-6315 weekdays.

RESORT LAKE AND TROUT STREAM are near this village Colonial with fireplace, central heat, modern kitchen and bath, 4 bedrooms, 25 acres—Concord area. $7,850. King's Arrow Realty Company, Hopkinton, N. H.

For Summer Rental

COMPLETELY FURNISHED 5-room cabin on small lake near Brewster, N. Y. Boat, canoe. Electricity, refrigeration. No plumbing, firewood, electricity included. July 13 to September 10. $400. Adams, TRafalgar 7-7191. Box Z-231.

SPACIOUS ROOM, twin beds, private house, kitchen facilities, overlooking lake, outdoor dining, splendid views, secluded, no service, near theatres, Tanglewood, 3 hours Manhattan, $175 monthly, or will rent floor as apartment. Box Z-255.

FURNISHED COTTAGE, fine location, 3 bedrooms, June-September, $700. Box 277, York Harbor, Maine.

FRANCONIA, N. H. Charming, not luxurious, modern house, small BUT luxurious cement swimming pool. Seclusion, view, sleeps 6. June $100, July $200, August $250, seasonal less. Eve Shakespeare, Williston, Vermont.

NOVA SCOTIA. Beautiful 4 room apartment. Quiet adults. Near golf and sea. Season, $400. Clement Crowell, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

SOUTHERN VERMONT VILLAGE, 6 room house, fully equipped, three months, $400. Box Z-273, UNiversity 4-6019 (NYC).

SIX ROOM COTTAGE OVERLOOKING BAY. Modern conveniences with charm. 2 Wharf Road, Rockport, Mass. Inquire agents, Tarr & Marr.

NEAR TANGLEWOOD, 3 bedroom lodge, available all June, July 15-29, all September. WEIls 5-8053.

FURNISHED 7 room farmhouse in beautiful setting near Lake George. $150 a month or $500 for season, June-September. Rent-free to responsible persons willing to accommodate teen-age son and daughter of owners. References. Box Z-286.

BEAUTIFUL 9 room house, writers-artists colony, Willow, N. Y. Fireplace, patio, porch, garages, tennis court. Beautiful grounds $1200. Box Z-292.

RENTAL COTTAGES! Nauset Real Estate Exchange, Cape Cod, Route 6, Orleans 552.

TURNBRIDGE, VERMONT. 5 bedroom brick house completely modernized. 185 acre farm. June 15 to Sept. 1, $250. M. Radom, 120 Northview Road, Ithaca, N. Y. Telephone: 4-1126.

For Rent

SOUTHBURY, CONNECTICUT. Year lease—Colonial, overlooking river. Antique furniture, modern utilities, oil heat. Nominal rent, adults. Box Y-976.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

LAND AVAILABLE, ARDSLEY RIDGE, ARDSLEY, NEW YORK; wooded, rolling, rock studded land; 30 minutes from New York. Contemporary homes only. 1/3-2 acre sites in an integrated community. White Plains 6-8787.

TRAVEL

SPAIN. Consult Consuelo Trigo on all trips and purchases. Car for private tours. Native of Madrid who lived in Boston ten years. Write Consuelo T. de Fernandez-Saenz, Covarrubias 22, Madrid.

VACATIONS

EDGEWATER HOUSE, LINCOLNVILLE BEACH, MAINE. U.S. Route #1, for that MAINE vacation.

CHANDLER ROBBINS' SUGAR ISLAND CAMPS—Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Maine. Fishing—Restful vacations—superb food. Duncan Hines recommends. Telephone OXbow 5-2577.

VACATION OR HONEYMOON—Colonial charm, modern comforts, delicious meals at "Apple-Row on Watchic Lake," Standish, Maine. Private beach, sports, square-dancing, $35-$50 weekly. Plus miles of trails, our well-schooled horses (guide or instruction included) $2 hour or from $10 weekly. Folder.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Midst picturesque Green Mountains. Superb food. Sports, theatres. Brochure.

FARMS, HOTELS, welcoming children. Restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square dances. Crafts. All Sports. Summer Stock. Circle 6-6386 (NYC).

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS PEOPLE like the relaxed, congenial, moderate vacation, glorious lake, deep woods Chanterwood offers. Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Playhouse nearby. Hi-Fi music, delicious meals, library, sports. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

HOLIDAY HAVEN—Quiet, comfortable, informal—Rooms, housekeeping apartment—swimming, cycling, surf or deep sea fishing or just settin' and lookin'. Rates reasonable. Box 297, Block Island, R.I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON didn't sleep here but you can have a room like his, canopy and all, or you can have a rustic log cabin—all on beautiful Lake Champlain. American plan rates or housekeeping cottages—THE STABLE INN, Westport, New York.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N. Y. 2100 ft. elevation, surrounded by Adirondack Forest. Privacy ideal for creative work or just loafing. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species): peace-loving, quiet-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, nature-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 5. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

HILLTOP ACRES, WENTWORTH, N. H. (WHITE MOUNTAINS). Quiet, clean, informal. Explore brooks, woods, trails. Semi and private baths, cottages, fine food, $48-$65, Adults. Mrs. M. A. Kauk, Rockwell 4-2530.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SOUTHWIND, WOODBOURNE, NEW YORK. Informal adult resort. Private lake, Fishing, Boating, Swimming, Tennis. Outstanding record collection. Excellent American cuisine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Congenial companions. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

HATHAWAY LODGE, THE LUXURY LODGE FOR ADULTS. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails. Tennis, handball, all sports. Recordings, library. Square, folk and ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. 2¼ hours via Thruway. Now open. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Phone Tannersville 299.

CENTRAL ADIRONDACKS—Small, quiet guest lodge, beautifully located on a cool, clear mountain lake. Delicious meals. $50 to $54 per week. WOODHOLME, Seventh Lake, Inlet, N. Y.

HAPPY FAMILY of six has room for four girls, 14 to 16 years, on Vermont hilltop during July. $160 each. Swimming, mountain-climbing. Box 265, Deerfield, Mass.

HOTEL TAVERN, BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Most relaxing vacation in the beautiful White Mountains near Mt. Washington, Franconia Notch and Echo Lake. Golf, swimming. Informal atmosphere. Excellent Continental cuisine. Revised American plan. July, $45-$55. August, $55-$65.

VACATIONS

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, Gregor Hotel, Brackley Beach—The Family Haven, Canada's Finest Beach. Golf, Ponies, Seafood, No Hay Fever. Folder Available. Special rates for June and September.

THE BELGRADE HOTEL AND COTTAGE RESORT. Here's that famous Maine lakeshore resort you've heard about. Everything from private golf course, mile-long beach to Maine's finest bass fishing. Only $5 to $11 a day per person for rooms and reasonably priced meals, too. Write for folder. Belgrade Lakes 6, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate, luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food, $50-$60. Special children's rates. Booklet. Camp Eggemoggin, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, Hi-Fi. $75 to $95 weekly. DEwey 9-5730 (NYC).

THE WESTTOWN FARMHOUSE, an old-fashioned country inn, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker school campus, with library privileges, use of private lake and tennis courts. Reservations by week, month, or year-round. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

MUSIC INN at LENOX MASSACHUSETTS. Close to Tanglewood and Bela Bartok. Adjacent to Music Barn and Dave Brubeck. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

AT THE GODDARD MUSIC AND ART CENTER among Vermont hills artists paint, chamber musicians play ensemble works. Beginners, professionals welcome. Fine staff, good food, pleasant living, moderate rates. Stay a week or longer. July 11 to August 26. Write Goddard College, Box S, Plainfield, Vermont.

MEXICO CITY VACATION—HOME ATMOSPHERE. Isabel Carbajal's, Rio Amoy 17, Mexico 5, D. F., Mexico.

THE TAVERN AT GRAFTON, VERMONT. Authentic stagecoach inn in picturesque village. Comfortable rooms, appetizing meals, moderate rates.

THE BUCCANEER, ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A. Main Hotel and Cottages on the beach. 3 private beaches, tennis, riding, exploring, fishing, boating, free port shopping . . . all at moderate rates. Ask your travel agent or Buccaneer Office: 16 West 55 Street, New York 19, N.Y. JUdson 6-3070.

GROSVENOR CLOSE WEST APARTMENTS, Box 764, Nassau, Bahamas. Enjoy Nassau the informal way. Reserve a spacious garden apartment. Reasonable daily European rates. Maid service. One and two-bedroom apartments and studios. Convenient location, beach and country club privileges. See your agent or New York Office: 15 West 55th Street, New York 19. JUdson 6-3070.

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, Cornwall, Vermont. 8 minutes from college town of Middlebury. For those who like quiet, refined living, beautiful scenery, excellent food. Virginia S. Graham.

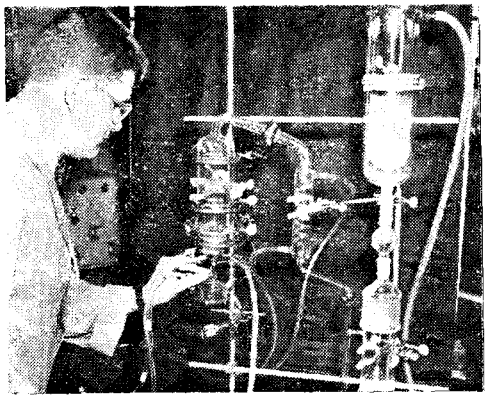
BRANDON INN, on village green near library, churches. Real New England Food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 11, Vermont.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, tennis, fishing, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. Rates $10 up A. P. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

SUMMER AGAIN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR/Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—III Science in Books • Where Is Science Taking Us? • Letter from Wall Street

ARTICLES: The Scientist and U. S. Foreign Policy: A Special Report

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *"MEAT BEETS" AND "FAT PLANTS"*
- *NOT NECESSARILY FEVER*
- *MARTINI WITH ATOM PEEL*

SCIENCE as a living force in world affairs is the theme of this issue of SR RESEARCH. It is appropriate, then, for us to begin by reporting a new kind of communication on research problems that encompass the whole of mankind. The innovation has been introduced by the California Institute of Technology as part of Caltech's program for its Industrial Associates. The purpose, as explained by Caltech President Lee A. DuBridge, "is to develop a new and significant method by which an educational institution may assist industry in evaluating the technical factors that influence its long-range planning." Since last December the principal officers of twenty-seven major companies throughout the United States have met privately with a team of Caltech scientists to consider what the future may hold, or withhold, in the way of resources: mineral, energy, food and manpower.

SR's own Dr. Harrison Brown, Caltech professor of geochemistry, is one member of the team. The burden of his message to industry is that earth's mushrooming population is using up concentrated deposits of iron, copper, aluminum, and sulphur so prodigiously that "the time must inevitably come when ores as such are exhausted and machine civilization will feed on the leanest of abundant sources—ordinary rock, sea water, and air."

If this sounds like black magic, we have Dr. Brown's word that it is not. He says that 100 tons of average igneous rock contain eight tons of aluminum, five tons of iron, 1,200 pounds of vanadium, twenty pounds of copper, ten pounds of tungsten, and four pounds of lead. Extraction of these minerals from the rock would require considerable energy. But the energy could be derived from two other elecents that the rock contains—uranium and thorium.

An imperative need for intelligent planning underlies Dr. Brown's conclusion: "As our dependence shifts to such resources as low-grade ores, rock, seawater, and sun, the conversion of energy into useful work will require ever more intricate technical activity which would be impossible in the absence of a variety of complex machines and their products—all of which are the result of our intricate industrial civilization and which would be impossible without it. Thus, if a machine civilization were to stop functioning as the result of some future catastrophe, it is difficult to see how man would again be able to start along the path of industrialization with the resources that would then be available to him. We are rapidly approaching such a 'point of no return'."

• • •

ANOTHER disquieting prospect of the future is the multiplying demand for food. Dr. James Bonner, Caltech biology professor, has been telling the industrial moguls: only one in four people lives on an adequate diet now; what will happen as population rises? He makes three suggestions:

1. Perhaps half of the land now wasted in desert and steppe could be irrigated with sea-water from which the salt is removed.
2. Since it is grossly inefficient to feed plants to animals in order to eat the animal meat, it may be possible to breed such things as a "meat beet" or a "fat plant."
3. Because the algae in the oceans are apparently inexhaustible, man may someday domesticate an herbivorous animal that would graze on seawater and produce prime nautical steaks.

• • •

THE really crucial question of tomorrow is where will we get the brains to think up the processes and devices essential to our survival. Dr. John Weir, associate professor psychology at Caltech, says that here in America the schools are losing 50 per cent of our capable youth and 33 per cent of those with exceptional talent. Obviously, these boys and girls must be identified early and encouraged to go on studying. Psychologists are beginning to understand some elements of creativity, some of which appear to be hereditary.

• • •

ONE of the pleasures of writing this column is the helpful tone of most of the correspondence that results from items appearing here. Readers seldom write snappishly to say, "Why don't you check your facts more carefully?" They begin with such friendly and complimentary remarks as "I enjoyed reading . . . and am looking forward to similar treats in the future. I don't want you to publish this letter, but I would like to call your attention to an error that crept into the paragraph on . . ."

What one such correspondent had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to say about the temperature of the human skin [*SR* Mar. 24] is too instructive to keep. Herewith are his words without his name:

"A minor minor error is to use the word 'heat' when you meant temperature. But a major minor error is the figure of 98.6 (degrees) which is entirely *fictitious*. In the first place, our body temperature undergoes a diurnal (day to night) swing of one to two degrees. Secondly, in menstruating women there is a superimposed periodic swing of about two degrees. Third, and more to the point, there is a seasonal swing, which also amounts to a couple of degrees. The statement in your article should read: 'Our body temperature remains at about 98 degrees, fluctuating only a degree or so, when the external temperature ranges from 0 to 120° F'."

• • •

THE American Society for Engineering Education has just published a progress report on efforts made in the last ten years to gear engineering more tightly into the living needs of society. The report says:

> The ancient war between the engineering and the arts faculties still continues in a good many institutions, particularly the larger state universities, where the two faculties are frequently separated physically as well as spiritually. The arts faculty at such institutions still cherishes a belief that the engineer is a rough, uncouth fellow wearing boots and an open flannel shirt. His intellectual equipment consists of a transit and a slide rule. He has no manners, and he wants none. He pushes jobs through by beating up his men with his bare fists. His acquaintance with the arts is limited to cheap movies, and his acquaintance with literature to comic books. He is crass, materialistic, insensitive. And it must be admitted that this picture appears to have considerable appeal for a certain type of engineer, who does nothing, in consequence, to destroy it.
>
> At the same institutions, the engineering faculty will give evidence that it regards the typical arts man as a pale, ascetic dreamer, forever in need of a haircut. He is devoted to modern art, modern music, modern literature, and he talks incomprehensibly about all three. He is addicted to books, and knows nothing whatever about science or mathematics. He is a thoroughly impractical fellow, probably a little pinkish politically, who gets by only because he has the gift of gab. And it must be admitted that this picture appears to have considerable appeal for a certain type of arts man, who does nothing, in consequence, to destroy it.
>
> On the other hand, we have evidence that conflict disappears almost completely on those campuses where the arts and engineering faculties are thrown together as colleagues on an equal footing, and where there are systematic procedures for bringing the two groups together to work out their mutual problems. "To know him is to loathe him," says one character of another in the play "Stalag 17." The committee is glad to report that this pleasant perversion of an ancient bit of wisdom does not apply to the engineer and his counterpart in the arts school. Mutual understanding breeds mutual respect. Yet the committee does not wish to sound too much like Pollyanna. Even under ideal conditions there will be warm clashes of temperament and interest, but the clashes cease to be drawn on inter-school lines. Character assassination becomes happily indiscriminate, as it should be in any well-regulated academic community!

• • •

YOU'VE read the news reports of the Atomic Energy Commission's drive to obtain enough zirconium to meet the growing pains of the atom age. Zirconium is the metal that bounces neutrons off its skin like harmless rubber balls. Consequently it's the ideal material for internal construction of atomic furnaces. In addition to being impervious to atomi disintegration, zirconium is ver strong, can withstand extreme hea and isn't easily eaten into by corroding chemicals that must be u in atomic work.

Pure zirconium is difficult to obtain because in nature it is closely bound to its antithesis, hafnium, a metal that absorbs neutrons at a violent rate. The separation process which the AEC apparently counts on most heavily to do the trick is another example of the unexpected benefits produced by pure research.

The story really begins with the fact that taxes are high on alcoholic drinks. In 1951 National Distillers began looking around for ways to increase profits. Diversification was the answer, the directors decided, and National Distillers bought into U. S. Industrial Alcohol. From there it expanded into plastics and resins. Plastics brought it into close touch with DuPont, and from DuPont it bought the patents on use of liquid sodium to reduce (remove the oxygen from) and otherwise purify metals.

Titanium, the featherweight competitor of steel, was the first objective of the new sodium process. Just as a titanium pilot plant was getting underway, National Distillers heard of the AEC's desperate search for a generous source of pure zirconium.

According to chemical theory, what works with titanium should also work with the related makeup of zirconium, hafnium, and thorium. Scientists in the National Distillers laboratories tried the theory in practice. Zirconium turned out to be reducible with sodium, and the big liquor firm that fathered the research is now building two manufacturing plants at Ashtabula, Ohio. The first AEC contract calls for 1,000,000 pounds of zirconium a year.

• • •

THIS being the 100th anniversary of the birth of Sigmund Freud, it does not seem fitting for this column to close without some form of tribute. We therefore call attention to a little book written by Dr. Jacob A. Arlow and published by International Universities Press under the title, "The Legacy of Sigmund Freud." Dr. Arlow suggests at one point that Freud's finest contribution to society was his insistence on *listening* to what people had to say, no matter how illogical or even irrational their words at first might sound. —JOHN LEAR, *Science Editor.*

MISSILE SYSTEMS

ELECTRONICS

Significant developments at Lockheed Missile Systems Division have created new openings for engineers and physicists in fields related to: UHF and microwave receivers; antennas; radomes; countermeasures; radar systems; propagation; circuit techniques; radar reflectivity; guidance; semi-conductor and magnetic amplifiers. *Inquiries are invited about positions in these fields.* Please address the Research and Engineering Staff at Van Nuys.

Lockheed

MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

VAN NUYS • PALO ALTO • SUNNYVALE

CALIFORNIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCIENTIST AND U. S. FOREIGN POLICY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Point Four has always been publicly regarded as a humanitarian gesture, and properly so. But that need not obscure the fundamental truth, which is simply this: Point Four was intended to apply science to world affairs.

Why this truth should be forgotten now, when the rising power of science is visible everywhere, is not easily explained. But the fact is that official Washington has forgot. Except for the famous chemist, Dr. James Conant, U.S. Ambassador to West Germany, the State Department has been completely stripped of scientific ambassadors. The ten attaches who once were stationed at five points in Europe have been methodically removed. The title of Science Advisor to the Undersecretary of State can still be seen on the organizational chart of the Department. But there is no name opposite the title, and no man sits at the Advisor's desk.

This vacuum persists in the face of Soviet assignment of science attaches to its embassies for the first time.

The issue is not political in any partisan sense. The question is one of survival. Our Western civilization cannot live in isolation.

In all of Asia the largest American-sponsored development is in Afghanistan. The Helmand Valley Irrigation Project there is falling apart because the appropriate scientific underpinnings were not put in place in the beginning. British scientists who have studied the Near East intensively tell us the Aswan dam in Egypt is doomed to similar failure.

Our need to know the realities about our friends before we set about curing their ills is too vast to be filled by anything but scrupulous, sympathetic scientific study. On the following pages the three components of our dilemma are presented in logical order: (1) "Crisis in Bang Chan," a case study of the infinite complexity of our ignorance, (2) "The Art of Listening," an encouraging report on the enlightened inquiries financed by private wealth, and (3) "Deafness at the Summit," a sobering study of the American scientist's struggle to put his knowledge to work in modernizing U.S. foreign policy.

Thai children paddle to escape diphtheria: case studies of our need to know.

I. CRISIS IN BANG CHAN

By L. M. HANKS, JR. and JANE R. HANKS, *with the assistance of Kamol Janlekha, Aram Emarun, Jadun Kongsa, and Saowanni Sudsaneh.*

ON A MAP of Thailand one cannot find Bang Chan. Bang Chan is neither a village nor a landmark, but only a name given to a scattering of hamlets over three square miles of Thailand's central plain. The population (1,700) is largely Buddhist, although one hamlet—MB-15—has a small mosque and contains only Moslem inhabitants. Practically everyone in Bang Chan is a rice farmer or a laborer in the rice paddies. The bulk of the rice is sold for cash to the mills of Minburi, a regional marketplace and seat of the district government, two miles to the east on Bang Chan's main highway. Twenty miles in the opposite direction, on the same road, lies Thailand's capital city: the splendid, many-templed Bangkok.

From an airplane Bang Chan looks like an endlessly flat expanse of neatly diked paddyfields. Scattered throughout, like islands in a sea, are man-made groves of trees, each of which shades from one to five houses. Leading between the groves one may notice a tiny canal, and if one follows its course it may be seen to connect with other canals, which in turn connect with still others to form a vast network covering the whole central plain with waterways that are used for transport, for irrigation, and for the various domestic purposes for which water is piped into homes of modern towns and cities elsewhere in the world.

Alongside one of the tinier canals in Bang Chan live Rim and Sawang. Buddhists both, they have spent all their lives in Bang Chan. Rim is married to Sawang's sister, and their homes stand side by side. They help each other with plowing and seeding, keep their buffalo together in front of their houses, and borrow each other's boats to paddle to the local temple or to the store where Awn sells cloth, kerosene, sugar, kitchen utensils, roofing thatch, lumber, and the few other living needs Rim and Sawang have beyond the fruits and vegetables they grow in their gardens and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fish they catch in the Bang Chan canals.

In 1953 the rains came early. It was possible to plant the rice seedbeds sooner than usual. Everyone was kept busy taking advantage of this good fortune, and Sawang paid little attention when Prang, his three-year-old daughter, contracted a fever one evening just as transplanting was about to begin. She would be all right, he thought, and he quieted her with aspirin borrowed from Rim's house next door.

But Prang did not recover on the second day, nor on the third. Rim and his wife both advised going to a doctor at Minburi. So Sawang paddled his daughter to Awn's store at the junction of the main Bang Chan canal and the highway. There he caught the bus for Minburi, holding Prang in his arms.

The so-called doctor had been trained only as an army medical orderly but had gained a local reputation through many years of practice. At his house Prang, still feverish, complained of a sore throat. He said Prang had typhoid fever, gave her an injection, and told Sawang to bring her back in a day or two. At home that evening Prang seemed no better; in fact, she could scarcely eat, and little white blisters appeared in her throat. Sawang felt anxious, and took her to the doctor in Minburi again, but the servant said the doctor had gone to Bangkok. On the way home Sawang stopped at a Chinese druggist in the marketplace and bought some white pills. During the night Prang could not even swallow the little white pills.

The next day friends advised Sawang to consult old Dr. Maw, a traditional practitioner living in the village. Being an uncle of Sawang, he would take a real interest in Prang. That evening Dr. Maw diagnosed the malady as "sang," a type of children's disease caused by temporary loss of soul. Prang was afflicted by "red sang" and "elephant sang" combined. Dr. Maw made holy water and blew it at her as he uttered a magic formula. This would cool the fever. He painted her throat with lime and a little powdered betel nut to reduce the swelling. Then he sent the girl and her father home.

The treatment brought no improvement, however, and Dr. Maw took Prang, her baby brother, and her mother to his own home for closer care. In addition to "sang," he felt Prang's case may have been aggravated by a spirit near the house who had even attacked the doctor. The child would be safer under Dr. Maw's roof, where his egis as a teacher would protect the occupants.

After a few days in Dr. Maw's house, Prang could eat a little boiled rice. But then she took a turn for the worse. Before Dr. Maw could get her to the hospital in Bangkok Prang was dead.

In the meantime, Rim's youngest boy, who often played with Prang, had become feverish, too. He, also, developed a sore throat. Dr. Maw made some black paste and painted the boy's throat where it hurt. But the boy showed no improvement. And on the advice of Awn, the storekeeper, Rim took his son to the same doctor Sawang had consulted in Minburi. After three days of injections against typhoid, the doctor said the symptoms had changed—the boy had diphtheria and should be taken at once to the hospital in Bangkok.

OUR research team first heard of the case at Awn's store. We were taking a man to the hospital in the morning; Rim and his son might come along. We assembled early for the trip, and soon passed through the clogged streets of Bangkok to the river, where a ferryman rowed us across to the big hospital. In the waiting room Rim waited quietly for his turn, his son in his lap. The child was breathing with difficulty, and gasped a bit. A passing doctor heard the gasp, glanced at the child, snatched him

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—III

HE BUILT A BRIDGE FROM SCIENCE TO EVERYDAY

Dr. Donald Ramsey Young spanned the barren chasm between theory and life.

—Orin S. Wightman.

IN JANUARY 1942 the armed forces of the United States, committed suddenly to war on a global front, had to face the fact that their racial policies, which traditionally assigned Negroes to non-combat duties, were wasting vast numbers of potential fighting men. This was an extravagance the country could no longer afford. The Negroes had to be taken out of the mess kitchens and put alongside the white boys in the front lines.

"Hey, you!" a brass hat snapped at Donald Ramsey Young, a stocky, kinetic, pipesmoking sociology professor who had drafted himself from the presidency of the Social Science Research Council to serve with the Joint Army-Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation. "Straighten this thing out!"

"Who, me?" Young gulped. "You don't mean me. I've studied sociology. I've taught sociology. But I've never tried to put it into practice."

Young's plea was as unavailing as the pleas of thousands of other men who thought the war misplaced them. He became the expert on military race relations.

For four years Young struggled with integration among the troops, constantly hunting for men qualified to get the job done—men who, as he puts it now, "had theoreticians' heads and at the same time were practitioners."

The assignment proved that the scarcest kind of college sociologist was the one who had ever used his theoretical knowledge on a practical level. On the other hand, those who had been involved in workaday race relations for years could rarely find the words to explain their approach. A catalytic individual was needed to translate theory into practice and also to apply practical details to broad situations. In the end Young himself became that catalyst.

The success of racial integration on the battlefield is now an old story. The growing segregation that has taken place since the war could hardly have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happened if many an unreconstructed rebel had not gone back to his Southern home with memories of Negro heroism and devotion.

The war experience changed Young as well as the mores of his country. In 1946 he returned to the Social Science Research Council in New York, convinced that the entire field of applied sociology was being neglected. The knowledge made him restless. Between handing out fellowships and grants-in-aid he took solace in week-end trips to the little farm near Macemgie, Pennsylvania, where he was born. He blew off steam by trying to grow persimmons on two Oriental persimmon trees—until he learned that neither tree would blossom because both were male. Just as he was about to return to teaching sociology, at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1948, he got the chance he wanted to build a bridge between book science and living society.

The Russell Sage Foundation, founded in 1907 "for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States of America," had become convinced that its work was falling short of its benefactor's purpose. Morris Hadley, chairman of the Russell Sage trustees, asked Young's advice on new ideas.

"I told Hadley," Young recalls, "that this country had spent millions finding out about social behavior, but next to nothing getting that knowledge into practice."

This time Young didn't have time to draft himself. Hadley drafted him as general director of the Russell Sage Foundation. And the Russell Sage trustees declared their faith in "experimentation and demonstration designed to bring about a closer and more effective relationship between the professions concerned with social welfare, health, and related fields and those engaged in advancing the knowledge of human behavior."

One of Young's earliest undertakings in his new job was with the University of Colorado, which came to Russell Sage with the problems of Spanish-speaking patients in Colorado's medical clinic. These people would not follow the advice they got from the doctors. Russell Sage placed a sociologist on the clinic staff for three years; he saw to it that twentieth-century medicine was presented in familiar Spanish terms. The result was so successful that comparative experiments were later made around the world, including the one described in these pages at Bang Chan, near Bangkok in Thailand.

Today the practical sociology whose path Young blazed has the backing of other foundations as well; for example, the Carnegie Corporation. Russell Sage itself not only spends its own money but has just received $701,000 from the Ford Foundation to further "adaptation of existing research knowledge for use by practising professions."

At fifty-eight, Donald Ramsey Young, now president of Russell Sage, is rightly proud of his work, but he is still forever on the move, looking for new ideas. Someday, he hopes, the bridge he helped to build between scientific theory and living actuality will be too commonly used to require "risk capital." "It's like raising a child," he says. "You hope that some day it will grow up and leave you—though you hate to see it go."

Young has seen his own two children—a son and a daughter—grow up and leave him. His wife remains, both loving and wise. It was she who came to his rescue in the dilemma of the fruitless persimmons. She flew home from California with six female persimmon trees.

—AL LANSING.

into her arms, and rushed to the operating room. She plunged a knife into his windpipe, and the child breathed easily again. A few minutes later she inserted a tube, administered an injection, and wheeled him off to a bed. There, with modern medical treatment, Rim's boy got well.

Protagonists of traditional medicine in Bang Chan may still have doubted the value of the new medicine, but with Prang's death and the recovery of Rim's son as dramatic evidence, they could at least admit the possibility of an alternative. The people eagerly sought information from our research team. We explained diphtheria as a children's disease and offered to take any child for injection to Minburi, where there was a Government Health Center with a modern staff. The turnout at the Center was disappointing. But a call paid on the district government officer at Minburi brought an unexpected offer of free immunization for all the children of Bang Chan. The immediate job then became one of spreading the word.

At Awn's store, the chosen place for the injections, the public health officer doubted whether he was authorized to immunize children in all the surrounding hamlets, some of which were outside his jurisdiction. Awn observed that germs know no boundaries; why should the doctor? The officer yielded, and wrote letters to four headmen, three of whom were within, and one outside, his jurisdiction. A fifth headman happened to overhear the conversation. He was a brother of Sawang, and he said he would get out word without an official letter.

DURING the coming days Awn busied himself speaking to people as they got on and off the buses in front of his store. Others who passed in their boats were hailed. The highway gang heard him as they picked up their boats to go home. There was no time for explanations; he just told everyone to bring their children the next Saturday for injections. Meanwhile the headmen of the five hamlets sent out word. Some visited all the homes personally; others sent out word as people passed their house. Ordinarily, the two local schools, one Thai and one Moslem, would have been alerted, but they were closed for vacation.

On the August day, when the public-health officer began injections at Awn's store, boatloads of children arrived, even from hamlets that were not notified. Because this was the extremely busy season of rice transplanting, many a pre-school tot paddled his own boat to the scene, bringing a still younger brother or sister, although adults escorted them if they could. In describing the scene afterward, Awn said the first child grew frightened and began to cry before receiving his injection, with the result that all children cried, and the store rang with wails until the last child was injected. But mothers and aunts tried to soothe the little ones, and candy sold well that day.

After the second injection took place a week later, our research team was struck by the limited and uneven response to what we had perceived as a dangerous crisis. As many as 92 per cent of the children in the Moslem hamlet, MB-15, were immunized following an order from the schoolteachers there. But of all the children in Bang Chan only a third appeared to meet the doctor at Awn's store. Why did so many of the people of Bang Chan fail to perceive a possible diphtheria epidemic as a crisis?

From our point of view, the call for immunization was a rational communication that carried a compelling quality through its appeal both to logic and self-interest. Events had made it clear, however, that the message signified something else to the community. For any such message to be effective, it must be received, understood, and acted on. These three factors—reception, understanding, and compliance—depend in turn on cer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain characteristics of the community.

The concepts of sickness and its treatment in Bang Chan reflect the wide cultural diversity of southeastern Asia, where influences from China, India, and the Indies converge. Some diseases are attributed to malevolent spirits. In another group of sicknesses, attributed to sorcery, foreign objects are thought to enter the body by accident or malicious design. Imbalance of the four basic elements —earth, wind, fire, and water—also produces disorders. The elements may get out of proportion so that fire dominates, producing fever; or winds may blow upward instead of in a circle through the body, producing belching, headaches, and dizziness. Inflammation and swelling in the heads and necks of children are either star influences or temporary loss of soul, called "sang," as already reported in the case of Prang.

Distress due to organic disturbance is not clearly distinguished from other kinds of human misfortune. Traditional doctors may use some of the same general cures for a woman suffering as a result of the disappearance of her husband as one suffering from rheumatism or spirit possession. A man who is the victim of false accusations from his neighbors may be doused with holy water much as if he were afflicted by pains in the legs; holy water cools the heat of emotional as well as organic upset.

Concepts of modern medicine such as deficiencies, infections, and disturbances of growth are little understood. The idea that drinking water may contain potentially harmful substances is foreign. Yet there is little active antagonism to modern medicine as such. Farmers go readily to hospitals to have lumps and growths removed. The people of Bang Chan have also accepted injections as beneficial. But the farmers do not yet distinguish between different kinds of injections; antibiotics and antitoxins are all the same as long as they come through syringe and needle.

Religious beliefs and attitudes also influenced response to the call for immunization. The Islamic hamlet responded more fully to the announcement than the Buddhist hamlets, and it is possible that Islam may offer a more favorable climate than Buddhism for the acceptance of modern medicine.

For Islam the physical body contains both good and evil. Great stress is laid on purifying the body, and salvation consists in removing the corruption from both body and spirit. Buddhism, on the other hand, considers the body a source of contamination for the soul. One may purify the soul by prayer and discipline, but the body remains a continuous handicap. In both religions, pain is a lesser evil than it is for Occidentals, but Islam links pain with sin, which may be overcome by prayer, pilgrimage, or other means. For Buddhism, pain is in part the inevitable product of cosmic retribution for past misconduct.

All the foregoing facets of Bang Chan culture combined to set the attitudes of the farmer who was suddenly told to have his children report for immunization. He was hard at work planting rice during the critical transplanting phase of the community's basic subsistence activity. Sending children off in a boat meant cessation of work in the fields. For what purpose? Diseases of childhood were customarily regarded with relatively little concern, and his children were neither sick nor visibly threatened. Besides, immunizations were customarily given in school by a public health officer, not at Awn's store. Maybe Awn was just drumming up customers.

All communication is by water in Bang Chan (pronounced Bong Chawn).

TRUE, a public-health officer did officiate at the store. What of his authority? For most Thai, the government appears as a remote and powerful agency symbolized by the revered figure of the king. Although absolute monarchy was replaced in 1932 by a constitutionally limited monarchy, decisions are still made at the top without consulting the ruled. The district officer at Minburi is the nearest representative of this distant government. Over the years the district office has increased its power considerably. The expansion has been effected largely at the expense of the headman, who formerly kept the peace and arbitrated quarrels but now has authority only in terms of his own personality and local reputation.

In the two hamlets of Bang Chan nearest Awn's store, for instance, 59 per cent and 37 per cent, respectively, of the children were immunized. The headman in the former hamlet, a kinsman of Rim and Sawang, personally visited all homes in his hamlet. He knew the full tale of the diphtheria incident and was personally esteemed as genial, industrious, and responsible. The headman in the other hamlet, preoccupied with his own affairs, delegated the immunization call to a boy.

The majority of Bang Chan's farmers regarded the diphtheria warning as an official order, but one more like an exhortation to plant pineapples than a command to report for registration. Awn's store was a long way to travel during a season of rice transplanting. Yet like any response to a request, if it were not too troublesome, if a boat could be borrowed in which grandmother would take the children, it would be better to go, particularly so if neighbors sent their children.

Who, then, heard of the recovery of Rim's son, of Prang's death, and of the contagious character of the disease? This information remained within the group of relatives and neighbors of Rim and Sawang. To be sure, there were others who heard this news if they happened to stop at Awn's store long enough for a chat. But these were few, and they remembered only fragments of what they heard: "Yes, I did hear that Sawang's child died. . . . No, I didn't hear what caused it," or "No, no one said anything about Rim's boy; was he sick?" This kind of information failed to circulate widely; it lacked news interest; the death of a child is not a rare event in Thailand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thailand (old Siam) is the land-locked heart of Asia's southeasternmost land appendage. To the west, Moscow woos Burma. To the east, Vietnam is already divided. To the south, Singapore seethes with desire for independence. Thailand itself is yeasty with Communist Chinese. But was the Bang Chan experiment just described supported actively by the U. S. Embassy in Bangkok? The Embassy had no link to science. The scientists' closest American base was their home base at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y. Cornell's international studies are financed in part by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, whose president's 1955 annual report, excerpted below, offers some clues to how you can help spread the benefits of science over thousands of miles and across the seas.

II. THE ART OF LISTENING

By JOHN W. GARDNER

A WELL-RUN foundation is easily approachable. The approach may be by mail, or in person, or occasionally by telephone. Most major foundations will see anyone who walks in the door. The visitor may have a beautifully prepared request, he may have just a vague idea, or he may be only curious. Whatever his condition, he will receive an audience and will be listened to attentively.

Proposals which come in by mail form a high proportion of the daily input and require a respectable fraction of the day of a foundation officer. This mail is rarely dull. A lady wrote in to the Carnegie Corporation a few years ago offering at a fair price a "cookstove which is in good condition and bakes good." A gentleman wrote asking whether the Corporation would wish to buy a Stanley Steamer. Another man offered a wreath made of human hair. A correspondent from India said, "We have been informed that you are interested in the purchase, for import to the United States, of 100,000 monkeys yearly." A letter from New Zealand, penned in a youthful hand, asks, "What would be the best fuel for a ship going to Mars?" A young mother starts out her letter, "Are you sufficiently interested in race conservation to make it financially possible for a healthly young American couple to have and properly care for a family of six children?"

Occasionally the correspondence has an otherworld quality. A man from Michigan writes that he is in constant communication with "many spirits from beyond" and that among these is Andrew Carnegie. He goes on to say that he wishes help from the Corporation and indicates that this request is endorsed by Mr. Carnegie. The letter ends, "P.S. Mr. Carnegie sends his love to all of you." Another writes to say that he himself is Andrew Carnegie. He comments: "It seems I have been in the fires of purgation for aeons."

The great bulk of the mail, however, consists of sober and interesting letters from able men with ideas. The length or elaborateness of the request bears no relation to its merit. A proposal accompanied by a two-foot stack of supplementary documents and books may prove unworthy of support. And a proposal initially outlined on a single page may win a major grant.

The best foundations are sympathetically attentive to every visitor and every letter. This is not because foundation officers are blessed with unusual sweetness of temper. It is because success in foundation work depends on such attentiveness. They listen to their visitors and read their mail alertly because that—a good deal of the time—is where the ideas come from.

All of which brings us to the duties of a foundation officer. How does he spend his day? The first and most compelling item on his agenda is reading. He reads a good deal in the course of his working day. He reads after dinner in the evening. He reads on the commuter train, and he reads in taxis, in airports and planes. What does he read? He reads his correspondence. He reads lengthy memoranda outlining projects for which support is requested. He reads innumerable professional journals and books in the field in which he is working; and the reading is not casual. He must be alert to new ideas. He must be forming judgments as he reads. Out of this intensive, varied and almost continuous reading comes some of his best judgments as a foundation officer.

The second duty of a foundation officer is to listen, and the circumstances under which he listens are almost as varied as the circumstances under which he reads. The best of his serious listening is likely to be done during office hours; and if he is a wise foundation officer, he keeps telephone calls and other interruptions at a minimum when he is listening.

Those who have something to say to a foundation officer do not limit themselves to an office visit. They approach him at luncheon, at dinner, at parties, on trains, and wherever they encounter and recognize him. Within the limits of human endurance, he is more than willing to listen under all circumstances, never knowing where the good ideas will turn up. As in the case of reading, the listening is not passive or halfhearted. He must form judgments as he listens. He must sort out what is being said. He must make some appraisal of the speaker and of the ideas being presented. Listening may strike the reader as a somewhat elementary skill, but it is far from that. One needs to cultivate patience, discipline and a deeply rooted interest in others to listen alertly and intelligently.

The third pressing duty of a foundation officer is traveling. Only a very small proportion of the able and imaginative individuals in any given field have the time or the inclination to visit a foundation office. If the foundation officer is to meet and talk with the best men in any field that interests him, he must take to the road.

A FOUNDATION officer deals day in and day out with men of the highest talent and character. Furthermore, each man with whom he deals knows more about his own specific field than does the foundation officer. A sensible foundation officer soon learns that the reputation of the foundation is in the hands of the talented men and women who receive its grants.

The process of passing money is in no sense a favor to the recipient. On the contrary, the recipient is usually committing himself to a period of very hard work. In short, the foundation officer does not expect gratitude. The relationship between him and the men who seek or receive foundation funds is a highly disciplined and honorable relationship governed by courtesy and a sense of mutual respect.

The discipline governing the relationship between the foundation officer and his "client" comes more sternly into play if a grant is actually made. It is not the business of the officer of a grant-making foundation to govern the major decisions in a project once the money has been given. He cannot censor the book which has been written with foun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dation funds. He cannot choose the personnel to be employed in the project being supported. He cannot make policy decisions with respect to the directions the project is to take. It is his business to select men who are thoroughly trustworthy and capable of independent action, and to agree with these men on a sound plan under which the money is to be spent. From then on, as long as the fundamental conditions of the grant are not violated, the foundation officer should not interfere. He will of course make a judgment of the results, particularly if the grant is subject to renewal.

A good many foundation decisions can be understood only in the light of the concern which foundations have for not entering into commitments which would be unwise for them or unwise for the organization involved. For example, no foundation is eager to become the sole, or even the major, support of an existing organization. Once it does so, then the foundation decision concerning whether or not to continue support is in effect a life-or-death decision over the organization itself. Most foundations do not wish to be burdened with such responsibility and do not think it right that they should be.

To take another example, foundations often refuse increased support to an organization because they know that at the end of the grant period the organization could not maintain itself at the higher level. This would mean cutbacks, the release of personnel, and other deprivations. No well-run foundation relishes such a situation, and the foundation's officers will go to some lengths to avoid it.

Perhaps the most interesting question to outsiders is "How are foundation decisions made?" It is not an unusually complex procedure. As indicated earlier, a foundation officer must come to know all or most of the ablest men in the field. He must learn to identify the men of ideas, the men who will give him honest criticism of what he does, the men with a reputation for solid performance, and the men with proved judgment concerning their colleagues. He will always listen to criticism of grants his foundation has made. He will never become the crony of a small clique. He will keep constantly in mind that the creators of the modern foundation proposed to concern themselves with the fundamental problems of man rather than with palliative measures . . . not of caring for the ill, but of discovering the prevention and cure of illness; not of feeding the hungry but of discovering improved methods of growing food; not of protecting the ignorant but of discovering ways to diminish ignorance.

If the U. S. Navy can (as it does) keep a science staff of its own in London, and if the Atomic Energy Commision can (as it is beginning to do) plant its agents in U. S. embassies under disguised titles, why cannot the Department of State appoint science attaches concerned with the day-to-day effects of new discovery on our power for peace in the world? Who is the one man willing to hear the individual citizen express his proper concern? After personal inquiry in Washington SR's Science Editor reports below on a disturbing theme.

III. DEAFNESS AT THE SUMMIT

By JOHN LEAR

JOHN W. GARDNER's description of the attitude with which foundation officers must approach their work ought to be required reading at the Department of State. It would be a revolutionary document there. The indoctrination of Foreign Service officers discourages them from inviting expert advice from anyone. The philosophy in which they are steeped says a diplomat, belonging to a rare breed, is wise enough to handle any human situation himself.

This archaic opposition to specialization is the heart of the controversy that has raged for years over reorganization of the Department. It touches every branch of knowledge. It forestalls businesslike operation of our embassies and legations. It puts our cultural representatives in countries whose histories and language they never learned. It limits our influence among working people abroad. It prevents us from posting religious scholars in lands whose faiths—and consequent behaviors—are significantly different from our own. To think of it as being directed solely, or even primarily, against science would be misleading. Science merely happens to be its most glaring, and at the moment most indispensable, victim.

Consider the situation in our foreign relations in its full absurdity.

Soviet Russia is assigning scientific attaches to its embassies for the first time in its history. In its schools at home it is training thousands of its youth in the scientific disciplines [*SR*/Research, Mar. 24] with the obvious intent of covering the globe with missionaries of technical know-how in the next generation.

Britain, Canada, Australia, and India have science attaches in their embassies in Washington, backstopped by another science staff working jointly for the Commonwealth.

Sweden stations an official scientist in this country. So do Norway, France, Germany, Austria, and Japan.

Little nations like Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Israel keep scientific specialists in our capitol.

Even the so-called backward lands —Egypt, South Africa, Yugoslavia— have scientific observers here.

The United States, concerned with benevolent sharing of its riches, has no science attache anywhere.

Is there anything in the history of the American Republic to explain this peculiar contradiction?

Quite the contrary. In the thirteen original colonies science was recognized as a force to be reckoned in government. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin all made suggestions designed to place science appropriately as a facet in official policymaking. Abraham Lincoln finally signed, in 1863, a law which formally established the National Academy of Sciences and charged that body with specific responsibility for continually advising the President on science's impact on the life of the people.

THE National Academy is now in the last decade of a full, active century of existence. Its advice contributed to the successful defense of the country in two world wars. There seems little doubt that the second of those wars could not have been won if the Academy had not helped the Department of State staff European embassies with scientists who could read reports in manuscript of foreign scientific experiments unpublished because of the wartime paper shortage.

Late in October 1949, at the request of the then Undersecretary of State, James E. Webb, the Academy appointed a committee to assist his special scientific consultant, Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner (now at Brookhaven National Laboratories), "in an effort to determine the role of the Department in the field of national and international science." On April 28, 1950,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Webb received what has since become known as "The Berkner Report."

"Science is an important element of American culture and involves an essential part of our foreign relations," the Berkner report said. "This was recognized by the Republic during the time of Franklin and Jefferson. Because of preoccupation of science and diplomacy, each with its own affairs, a barrier has grown between the Department and United States science that should be broken down by conscious endeavor by both groups."

To give science "a more positive and active" role in foreign policy, the report recommended:

1. Appointment of a committee of top-level scientists by the Academy to advise the Department of State on scientific questions and their world implications.

2. Establishment of effective working relationships between the National Research Council, an arm of the Academy, and the Department.

3. Creation of a Science Office at the policy level of the Department of State, designation of a scientist as Special Assistant to the Undersecretary.

4. Appointment of recognized scientists as science attaches on a regional footing in London, Johannesburg, Rio de Janeiro, Sidney, and perhaps New Delhi and Cairo. Appointment of other scientists with individual country credentials in Paris, Rome, Berne, Stockholm, Ottawa, Lima, Oslo, The Hague, and Brussels.

By 1952 there was a Science Adviser in the Department: chemist Joseph B. Koepfli of the California Institute of Technology. And ten science attaches were on duty in five European capitals. That was the year John Foster Dulles became Secretary of State. Since then all the science attaches have come home, none has been replaced, and the office of Science Advisor is occupied by an economist, Walter D. Rudolph, with two secretaries. Rudolph manages to hold the place together by consulting daily on the telephone with the National Academy's Office of International Relations. He is a conscientious man, and will cheerfully answer any questions you may wish to put to him. The touchiest questions he gets now come from Senators and Congressmen who ask "what happened?"

At its annual 1956 meeting in April the Academy passed a resolution supporting the efforts of its president, Dr. Detlev Bronk, to see that the promise of the Berkner Report is fulfilled. Yet one month later men in State's top echelons were giving out the story that the Department had a sweeping plan to integrate science in foreign policy but couldn't put it into effect because the scientists themselves couldn't decide what they wanted! While this was happening at State, the men at the Academy were laboring under the impression that the science-attache appointments were being held up until the scientists would agree to have them serve as spies for the Central Intelligence Agency. And this the scientists would never accept.

The time has come for the Department of State to grant recognition to a global brotherhood. For centuries scientists have belonged to international fraternities of their respective disciplines. The National Academy of Sciences is tied to all these earth-circling networks of learning. There is no need to organize a vast new and expensive bureaucracy. All that is required is understanding and a sympathetic relationship with thousands of existing sources of discovery. A handful of respected elder statesmen of science could transform our position in the world, if only they might serve as Ambassadors of Knowledge. Francis Bacon would have called them "Merchants of Light."

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

NO SUPERRUSSIANS

WITH REFERENCE to the article "The Soviet's Scientific Elite," by John Turkevich [*SR* Mar. 24], there is little doubt that this good country of ours can learn something from the Soviet setup. For example, the best *we* can do with a man's time is to keep him busy *all* his available time, or 100 per cent of it mathematically speaking.

However, in the middle of the first column on page 61 of the above-mentioned article you'll notice Russia is doing better than 100 per cent!

General education, etc.	55%
Physical "	11
Mathematics, science, etc.	35
Total	101%

Not bad, I'd say. What are we going to do to overcome the lead? 101 per cent—105 per cent? We'd better start and find out how it's done in Russia!

E. W. BISHOP.

Larchmont, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Of course, Mr. Bishop is right. The Soviets aren't* that *good. The breakdown of secondary education in Russia should read:*

General Education	54%
Physical Education, Drawing, Singing	11
Math, Physics, Chemistry, General Science	35

HOW MANY CLERGYMEN?

JOHN TURKEVICH'S article seemed confident that a plentitude of engineers is the answer to Russian confusion and predicted that such a superiority presented the "real challenge of modern Russia."

It seems unlikely that the working man will remain happy making 700 rubles per month while an engineer makes 7,000 rubles. The mentality of the average worker does not give the talent of the engineer that much lead. I can just imagine a union representative accepting such terms.

The Soviet method of gaining more engineers is of the same confused mold that the five-year plans were formed, and is destined to the same fate. It boils down to the sacrificing of the working power for a different cause and human nature will not stand for it.

I think that a more important question referring to Russia's surge as a world power would be, how many priests, ministers, and rabbis have they trained to indoctrinate the absolute portion for success, which is the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

REV. JOHN J. REILLY.

Phillipsburg, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Rev. Mr. Reilly would appear to be something of a prophet. Days after his letter arrived in* SR*'s office news reports from Moscow told of workers protesting against the "privileges" of the Soviet scientific elite. And the Soviet's own psychologists are pleading for a lighter homework load for Russian schoolchildren. However, as is made clear elsewhere in this issue of* SR/RESEARCH*, the threat of the rising superiority of Soviet science extends far beyond the confines of that country.*

JOB-HUNTING Ph.D.s

I READ with much interest and some amusement M. H. Trytten's article on "Why Our Think-Power is Declining." As one who will shortly join the class of the American Ph.D.s which, the author claims, is much too small to suit the needs of our expanding nation in its competition with Russia, let me add that in *some* fields there remains a plethora of this species who, after attaining their degrees, find it impossible to obtain employment in industry, government, or academic life. I am referring to the fields of political science, history, and other subjects which deal in the important questions of ideology. This is one aspect of the question which writers like Mr. Trytten always seem to neglect.

ROBERT SOBEL.

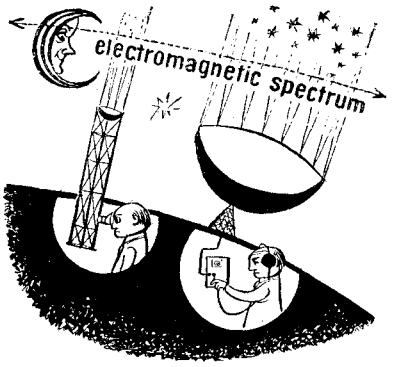
Bronx, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Doctor Trytten said: "The problem of technological training cannot be split off from the rest of the curriculum and treated alone."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

LISTENING TO THE STARS



Science, in its unending search for understanding, is constantly evolving, assuming new forms through which to scrutinize new horizons. One of today's most exciting innovations is radio-astronomy. Instead of looking *into space, through the optical lenses of conventional telescopes, the radio-astronomers* listen, *with radios shaped like monstrous soup dishes, to sounds that come from the sky. Both the noises and the sights originate in movements of distant atoms, which pour radiation on earth in unbroken torrential rain. Since more of this energy can be* heard *than* seen, *the radio-telescope gives man a wider window (see sketch, above), through which to study the mysteries of space. The story of how radio-astronomy began is told here by John Pfeiffer, president of the National Association of Science Writers, in an adaptation from his new book, "The Changing Universe" (Random House, $4.75). It is an ideal illustration of the unpredictable benefits applied science can bring when coupled with pure research, and of the power of the curiosity of one man. (Copyright 1956 by John Pfeiffer.)*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago an experimental radio aerial was built on what had once been a potato farm in Holmdel, New Jersey, seven miles from Sandy Hook Bay. Long and narrow, the aerial was made of brass-pipes mounted on a wooden scaffolding. It measured about 100 feet from one end to the other, and looked somewhat like the skeleton of a giant airplane wing. Driven by a motor at the center, it rotated slowly on four wheels taken from a scrapped Model-T Ford. It was called the merry-go-round.

The man who built this aerial was Karl Jansky, a twenty-three-year old radio engineer for The Bell Telephone Laboratories. Jansky, the grandson of Czech immigrants who came to the United States in a sailing vessel, was just out of college. This was his first job. Since he suffered from a chronic kidney disease and was under doctor's orders to live in the country, he was assigned to the Holmdel laboratory.

At Holmdel, Bell engineers were hunting down the crackling noise that radio listeners know as static. Static was interfering with transatlantic and ship-to-shore telephone calls. Jansky's merry-go-round was designed to learn more about this bothersome noise.

During 1931 Jansky's aerial started scanning the skies methodically, rotating completely every twenty minutes in search of static. And static came from all directions. Jansky had little difficulty in identifying two sources. "Crash" static, bursts of crackling noise, came from local rain squalls and thunderstorms. Distant storms up to 140 miles away also produced definite effects. But the nature of a third source baffled him completely. A type of radio noise never before detected was coming from some unknown place, and Jansky listened in at all hours, earphones clamped to his head. He described what he heard as, "Very weak . . . very steady." The hissing sometimes came in a bit louder and sometimes faded out entirely.

Quietly, Jansky started to track down the peculiar noise. In the beginning he looked for some fixed source of trouble, such as interference from local power lines or radio transmitters. He found that the source did not stay put. What sort of moving source could produce the hisses? Electrical storms? Storms appear in helter-skelter fashion. Jansky was receiving static from a source that moved regularly. Its path through the skies was predictable over long periods of time.

At first, the source seemed to coincide with the position of the sun. But more precise analysis showed that each day the source appeared at a position just a bit further ahead of the sun's position. Every day it rose about four minutes earlier; every month it gained two hours. By the time a year had passed, the gain amounted to a full day—and the source was located in the same spot it had occupied twelve months before.

Stargazers know that a star which rises at 10:00 P.M. tonight will appear at 9:56 P.M. tomorrow night. The mysterious source of static was moving according to this timetable.

Places beyond the earth, beyond the sun, beyond the remotest planets and the solar system itself were generating static that sometimes annoyed earthly businessmen, editors, and diplomats engaged in overseas telephone conversations. The noises came from the depths of the Milky Way, from the stars and the wide spaces between them. Jansky's merry-go-round, designed for different purposes, had become the first radio telescope.

With refined models of this revolutionary device astronomers today are practicing a new science called radio astronomy. Instead of *watching* light waves through optical lenses, they are *listening* to sound waves from the depths of space. The sounds are produced by restless electrons, whirling about the nucleii of atoms and jumping suddenly as they whirl. Each jump creates a pulse of energy. The pulses move at different speeds. At a few of these speeds, the pulses can be detected by the eye—light waves, the colors of the rainbow from red to violet. These are the pulses conventional astronomers observe through ordinary telescopes. Comparatively, however, there are not very many visible speeds of energy. Consequently, the window through which even the giant telescopes look out into the heavens is extremely narrow.

The new window that Jansky found for man to listen to the unknown is a window really worthy of the name. It is 100 times wider than the one used in conventional astronomy.

We have reason to believe that the universe opened by this new window may be considerably larger than the universe as observed by visible light. We will have to accustom ourselves to the notion that we, the earth people, may not be the center of all things, spiritually and physically. Even now earth is recognized as a satellite of one star, our sun. And an implication has become stronger and stronger during the last ten years: that most stars, like the sun, probably have systems of planets and that plants and animals exist on many of the planets. Life is probably a widespread phenomenon in the universe. Carl Jansky opened for us new territories which call for centuries of new explorations. —JOHN PFEIFFER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

This page usually is set aside for qualified scientists to point out specific new directions for research. Ordinarily each idea is presented in a single paragraph. Occasionally, however, there is a speculation that can be outlined adequately only at greater length. Such is the case with this suggestion from John R. Pierce, noted electronics engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories. The idea was prompted by Pierce's new book, "Electrons, Waves, and Messages" (Hanover House, $5). (Copyright 1956 by John R. Pierce.)

By JOHN R. PIERCE, *Bell Telephone Laboratories, Murray Hill, N. J.*

THE SHORTAGE of scientists has become a matter of urgent concern for all thoughtful people. Our schools and our civic societies and our government are working closely together to stimulate interest in science among greater numbers of children. In future years this intensifying effort will have increasing effect. But what about now? Can we help matters by saving the time of scientists, and, incidentally, of a lot of other people?

I am very suspicious of prognosticators, because they are so often wrong. Yet, with a sure feeling that there is much wrong about what I say, I propose to suggest ways in which I think we could diminish waste of time.

Every day busy scientists shuttle here and there by plane and train to attend conferences. How inefficient this is! Attempts have been made to hold such meetings by telephone. But that is very confusing. Often one conferee can't identify the other conferees as he hears them speak. Then, too, it is difficult to explain complex technicalities when you can't even use your hands to illustrate a point. If you are not a scientist you do remember trying to phone directions to someone to go to some place, don't you? How much easier it would have been if you could have drawn a map!

John R. Pierce: "TV conferences?"

Could there be a special type of conference phone today, equipped for picture transmission? This would enable conferees not only to identify each other instantly, but it would give them a chance to explain themselves clearly by showing charts or documents or even drawing sketches while they speak. What stands in the way?

Right now you could, if you wished, rent a TV circuit for your own use. However, the width of the band of electronic frequencies required for TV is about 1,000 times that for telephone. While the cost might not be greater by quite this factor, it would be so large that you would be disinclined to pay for it. We may expect TV transmission to get cheaper as time goes on; but it seems that it will still be much more costly than voice transmission. Does this necessarily rule out the possibility of picture transmission in connection with telephony? Not at all!

In the first place, it may be that a picture of less resolution than a commercial TV picture would be satisfactory to a telephone user. Ideally, a commercial TV picture is made up of about 250,000 picture elements. However, a 1-inch-by-1¼-inch cut of a man's head in a newspaper has only about 2,500 picture elements. Perhaps that is too rough a likeness, but something in between might do.

A New York bank has already made use of a private TV system in letting one centrally located set of records serve all its branches. Further, doctors have experimented with color TV, not only for viewing surgical operations but for examining diseased tissues under a microscope. It is possible that in the future busy specialists will not have to travel hundreds or thousands of miles to see patients and render their diagnoses. I believe that something of this sort may be the first new widespread use of TV. It may be that in the near future someone will work out a conference TV system which will obviate a great deal of travel.

So much for pictures. What about other new means of communication to save us all time? One which naturally comes to mind is portable telephones. At present, in some cities, you can have a telephone in your car, although the charge is a good deal higher than that for a phone in your home. To put a phone in each car, or in a large fraction of cars, would take a much broader band of frequencies, perhaps equal to many TV channels. Perhaps we may want many TV channels more than we want telephones in our cars.

What about telephones in our pockets? This isn't completely unreasonable, though it would require a lot of technical advances as well as new assignments of frequencies. However, in some cities you can get something that goes part way. That is a paging service. You can rent a little box which is just a tiny radio receiver. If you listen to it you hear a string of telephone numbers read off. If you hear your own you go to the nearest phone and call in for the message.

The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania has scheduled for trial in the Allentown-Bethlehem area a much more sophisticated paging device. This is a pocket-size radio receiver which emits an audible tone when and only when a particular subscriber from among as many as 3,000 is signaled. The subscriber can then call his office or the number of some assigned operator.

If we are optimists, we can believe that in the future, when techniques have been pushed a little beyond those presently available, we may each have a gadget which will buzz when a distinct radio signal, one among millions, is sent out. Perhaps some sort of automatic machinery at the telephone office may handle the whole matter of paging us when we don't answer our phone. Who knows?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BULL MARKET IN BRAINS

IT HAS been my daily task for some years to cover industrial research and the "science beat" for *The Wall Street Journal.* Frequently I hear about the decisions bankers and brokers make in financing new companies. For instance, the other day an engineer friend told me of a phone call he'd just received from a brokerage house. His caller said: "I've a quarter of a million dollars to spend on a young, healthy, and vigorous enterprise. I think I've found what I want. But before I buy I've got to be sure of a cracker-jack research staff. Who are the smartest scientists you know?"

He gave the names of the top men he could think of—names you would immediately recognize.

Did the broker try to recruit those scientists for his project?

Not at all. He hired them as consultants to check on the qualifications of the scientists who already were in charge of the research behind his prospective investment!

This is the form that science-recruiting takes in the neighborhood of the stock market. It has been going on for a long time. Investing is, after all, nothing more—nor less—than buying the future on the strength of the present and the past. And shrewd investors have learned, often the hard way, that scientific research is the generative force of future growth. DuPont's petrochemical empire owes half its $2,000,000,000 yearly income to sales of products that didn't exist a quarter-century back. Research in other firms I know about has accounted for as much as 75 per cent of their business in the last fifteen years. A company that waits to begin research until it needs research has waited much too long.

Research itself is tricky enough. No scientist worth his salt will very often venture a flat prediction of the outcome of any experiment. Comparing the potential investment payoff of competing research systems is infinitely deeper within the realm of legerdemain. There is no relationship whatever to the kind of precision with which an accountant's balance sheets can be examined. The finest research center in the world won't necessarily produce a world-beating line of products; and the accumulation of Ph.D.s may only swell the membership rolls at the local country club. The closest thing to a logical choice is between the demonstrated capabilities of the competing companies' research directors.

Because that is true, no management slot is harder to fill today than the research director's post. When J. P. Morgan and Company approaches such a decision it seeks the guidance of either or both of two scientific consultants—Arthur D. Little, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass., and Ebasco Services. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Beane, biggest of the brokerage houses, calls on Dr. George Weil, a nuclear physicist. The biggest bank in the country, Bank of America in California, leans on the judgment and experience of Stanford Research Institute. Nuclear Development Corporation of America, an engineering outfit associated with the Rockefellers, helps out Bankers Trust and the Goodbody and Company brokerage.

I could probably stretch the list of regular scientific consultants in Wall Street to cover a page. But that would tell only part of the story. Free-lance advice on a one-shot basis is an everyday occurrence. In the popular bars as well as in the exclusive bankers' clubs I see elbow-bending sessions between men with money and men with highly specialized brains. Chemists, nuclear physicists, and electronics engineers are getting the lion's share of attention—in that order—but a routine scanning of expense accounts would show plenty of cocktails and lunches for mathematicians and solid-state physicists.

Just as young people fresh out of science courses at college are starting careers on salaries undreamed of by yesterday's youth, established scientists are learning that their knowledge and judgment can be traded for cash in the stock market. Fourteen leading atomic physicists were snapped up on a consulting basis in one day by General Dynamics, maker of the hull of the atomic submarines.

The announcement of that coup was made on the morning of March 16, 1955. General Dynamics stock closed that afternoon on the big board 4⅜ points above the day before. Before the flurry quieted down 84,700 shares of the stock changed hands. One broker who wouldn't know a neutron if it trotted into a boardroom said afterward: "You have to go with a crowd like that. There's no telling what they might come up with."

Almost any really hot rumor with a scientific background can give the market a momentary fillip. This tendency has every likelihood of becoming more noticeable as private industry steps up its basic research. What broker lives with soul so dead, for instance, as not to scent some possibility of connection between the new wonder metals, titanium and zirconium, and the opening by U.S. Steel of that giant's first central-research center in its long and successful history? It doesn't take a scientific mind to recall what nylon meant to DuPont or the fortunes that drug-makers reaped from the antibiotics.

—CLARE M. COTTON.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1158

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Amer. comedienne, excelling in burlesque (1847-1924).	65 202 57 5 175 95 174 118
B. Any of several plants, genus Raphanus (2 wds.).	117 77 59 76 176 101 129 28 42 196
C. Maryland river about 100 miles long.	173 31 62 106 73 178 39 123
D. Resilient.	32 159 120 68 195 79 109
E. A romantic prince; lofty peak in the Cascades; more showery.	63 143 34 168 154 26 45
F. Chemical term, valence.	136 163 49 157 3 43 203
G. Palisaded mounds of prehistoric Europe.	166 44 185 179 110 139
H. Place of exhibiting merchandise for sale (2 wds.).	4 40 164 189 52 180 150 205 66 82
I. Internal powers, capable of producing an effect, esp. when exerted.	131 199 177 27 148 193 113 29
J. A feebly basic alkaloid occurring in cola, tea, etc.	72 108 93 184 104 38 147
K. Widely considered the "fruit of the Tree of Knowledge" (2 wds.).	55 87 160 134 151 142 103 107
L. Interlude in the theater.	99 67 97 23 114 50 1 194
M. Describing some old-fashioned forks (comp.)	192 126 18 30 146 78 15 105
N. Italian inn.	183 182 69 21 141 41 54
O. Tale in which Virginia Woolf debunks Elizabeth Barrett's pet dog.	133 153 201 36 51
P. Military or naval call just before taps.	8 167 90 155 16 132
Q. Popular male movie star, now in his mid-forties, born in Oklahoma.	14 56 33 127 149 75
R. Pertaining to the interior of the ear.	128 191 138 11 20 24 86
S. Benevolent organization of Jewish women in U.S.	91 74 98 204 162 145 158 48
T. To enroll.	161 88 58 35 171 25 102 83 200 122
U. Colloq., unsteady, liable to fall.	61 85 92 115 53 70 46
V. Positive photograph made on a thin iron plate.	13 156 19 100 169 170 181
W. Firmly established as by long continuance, esp. if bad or hurtful.	94 12 121 64 7 187 112 172 37 198
X. Heedless, inconsiderate.	188 2 152 140 130 186 111 9 60 81 22
Y. Discolor by effusion of blood beneath the skin.	89 137 197 119 116 165 125 144 10
Z. Invoked by Huck Finn to "swaller these warts" (not in Webster).	96 135 71 124 84 47 6 80 190 17

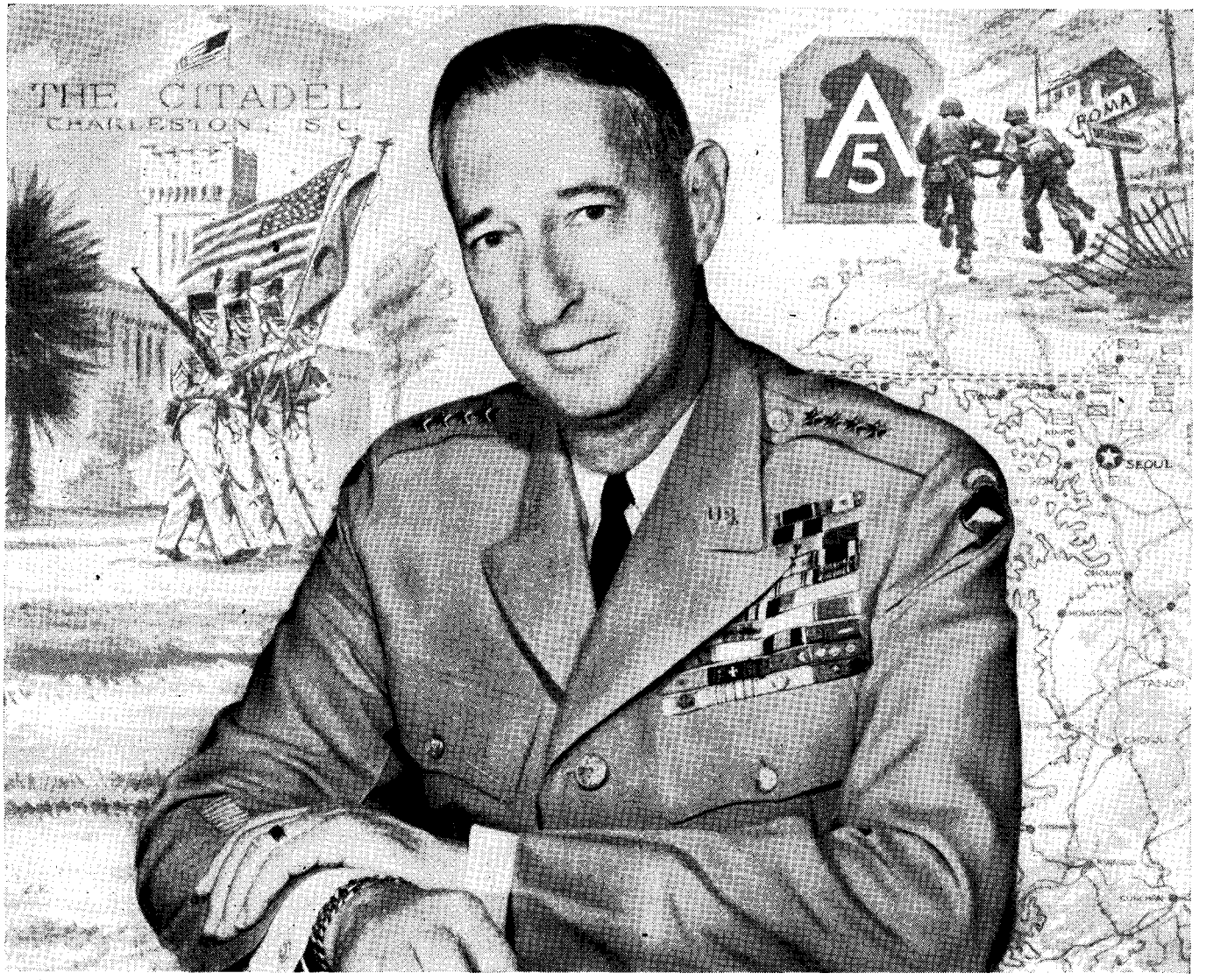
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 L	2 X	3 F	4 H	■	5 A	6 Z	7 W	8 P	9 X	10 Y	■	11 R	12 W	■	13 V	14 Q
15 M	■	16 P	17 Z	18 M	19 V	20 R	21 N	22 X	■	23 L	24 R	25 T	26 E	27 I	■	28 B	29 I
■	30 M	31 C	32 D	■	33 Q	34 E	35 T	36 O	37 W	■	38 J	39 C	■	40 H	41 N	42 B	43 F
44 G	45 E	46 U	■	47 Z	48 S	49 F	50 L	51 O	■	52 H	53 U	■	54 N	55 K	56 Q	■	57 A
58 T	59 B	60 X	■	61 U	62 C	■	63 E	64 W	65 A	66 M	67 L	68 D	69 N	70 U	71 Z	72 J	73 C
■	74 S	75 Q	76 B	■	77 B	78 M	■	79 D	80 Z	81 X	■	82 H	83 T	84 Z	85 U	■	86 R
87 K	88 T	89 Y	■	90 P	91 S	92 U	■	93 J	94 W	95 A	96 Z	97 L	■	98 S	99 L	100 V	101 B
102 T	103 K	104 J	105 M	■	106 C	107 K	108 J	109 D	110 G	■	111 X	112 W	113 I	114 L	115 U	116 Y	■
117 B	118 A	■	119 Y	120 D	121 W	122 T	■	123 C	124 Z	125 Y	126 M	127 Q	128 R	129 B	130 X	131 I	■
132 P	133 O	■	134 K	■	135 Z	136 F	137 Y	138 R	■	139 G	140 X	141 N	142 K	143 E	144 Y	145 S	146 M
147 J	148 I	■	149 Q	150 H	■	151 K	152 X	153 O	154 E	155 P	156 V	157 F	158 S	159 D	■	160 K	161 T
162 S	163 F	164 H	165 Y	■	166 G	167 P	168 E	169 V	■	170 V	171 T	172 W	173 C	174 A	■	175 A	176 B
177 I	178 C	179 G	180 H	181 V	182 N	■	183 N	184 J	■	185 G	186 X	187 W	■	188 X	189 H	190 Z	191 R
192 M	193 I	194 L	195 D	196 B	■	197 Y	198 W	199 I	200 T	201 O	202 A	203 F	■	204 S	■	205 H	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



General Mark W. Clark, USA (Ret.), President of The Citadel at Charleston, S.C., has won distinction as soldier, statesman and educator . . . as a famed World War II combat commander in Africa and Sicily . . . as U.S. High Commissioner for Austria . . . as Far East Commander in Chief during the Korean War.

WE'RE IN A NEW KIND OF WAR

by GENERAL MARK W. CLARK, USA (Ret.)

"After fighting Communism from the Danube to the Yalu I know that we are in a new kind of war — a war between two ways of life! Our strongest weapons in this world-wide struggle are our traditional American freedoms, including the freedom to compete.

"As a soldier and as an educator, I know competition brings out an individual's best. At The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, we make competition the theme, in classroom, on parade ground and athletic field. By constantly testing himself against others, a cadet learns to improve his own best efforts. He leaves The Citadel a better man, as complete a man as we can make him.

"Competition is equally beneficial to industry. It has sparked our country's industrial progress, created the seemingly limitless American 'know-how.'

"Our more than 40,000 oil companies, great and small, exemplify the American competitive concept. They search for, produce, refine, transport and market the vast quantities of petroleum which power this nation of wheels, wings and gears. With so many rivals, each company can win and hold public favor only by improved products and services. This competitive pressure enabled our oilmen to meet the gigantic supply challenges of World War II and Korea. It gives you and me better oil products, at lower prices, than exist anywhere else in the world.

"Here is proof that the American standard of living is itself a product of an American freedom—the freedom to compete. Here is a vital reason why we must be ever-diligent to preserve all our freedom—from freedom of speech for the individual to freedom of competition for our industries."

Mark W. Clark

This page is presented for your information by the **AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE,** 50 W. 50th St., New York 20, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED